"HER SCATHING TRIAL" BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD NEXT WEEK

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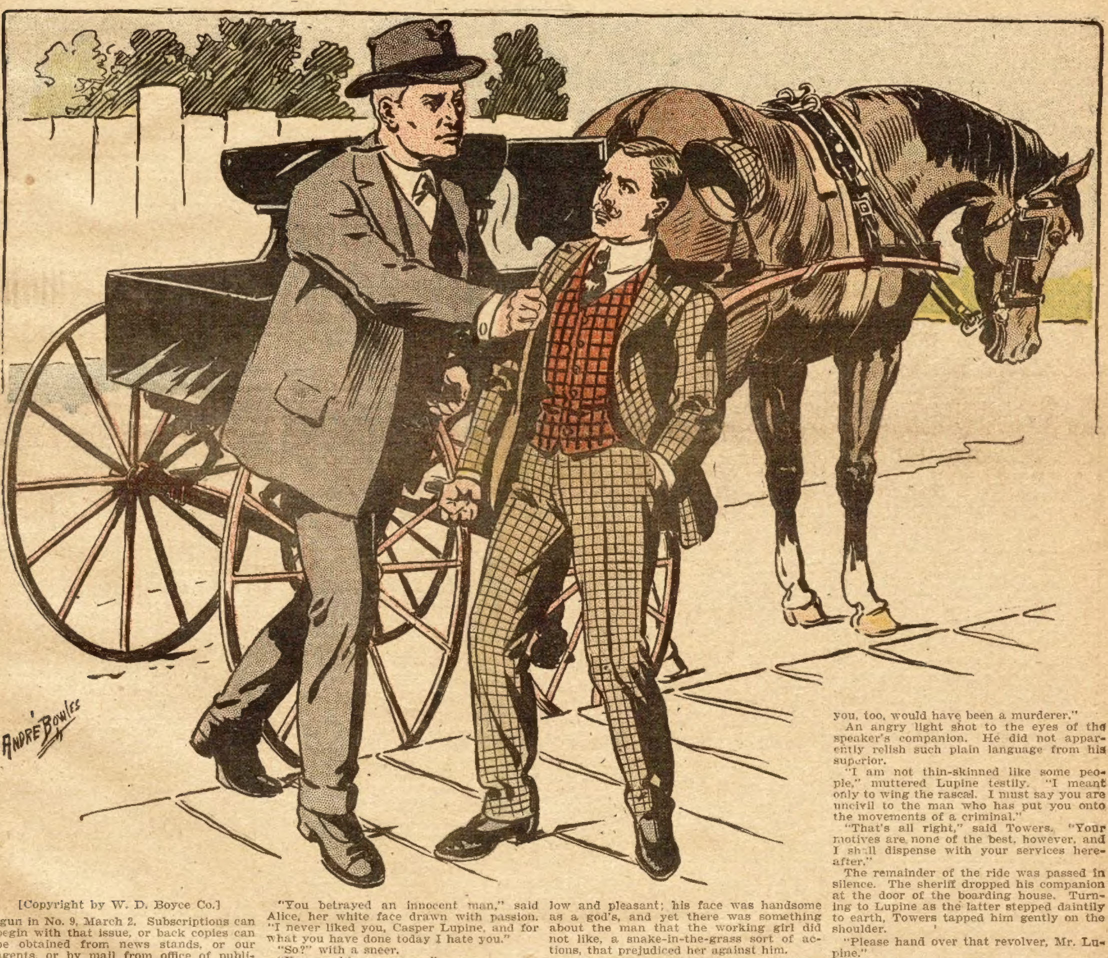
LEONE'S LOVERS; Or Drawley's Crime.

By THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE," etc.



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CHAPTER VII.

A ROADSIDE COMEDY.

"Oh, Heavens, you have murdered him!"

With this wild ejaculation, Alice Canthow ran toward the fallen man. She did not reach him ere he sprang up and bounded swiftly away.

Lupine continued to use his weapon. A bullet whizzed in near proximity to the head of the running Alice.

"Stop!" commanded Towers, seizing the pistol hand of his companion. "Don't you see you will hit the girl?"

"Let her keep out of the way then," growled Lupine.

The sheriff left his seat and hurried toward the fleeing murderer. That individual escaped into the woods, however, and the doughty officer soon returned, panting and disgusted with the outcome. He saw the girl standing before Casper Lupine, and heard her voice upbraiding him for his treachery.

"I was doing only my duty," said the man, as Towers approached.

"You betrayed an innocent man," said Alice, her white face drawn with passion. "I never liked you, Casper Lupine, and for what you have done today I hate you."

"So?" with a sneer.

"You are his accuser——"

"I am his accuser, all right," broke in the cook. "Alfred—not Albert as some have called him—is guilty of murdering his wife. Although I did not see him commit the deed, I yet can produce a witness who did, which is altogether sufficient."

"For you it may be, but not for the public. Alfred is innocent; he told me so himself."

"Really!" exclaimed Lupine, with a mocking laugh. "How strange that the criminal should deny his guilt. What is that man to you, Miss Canthow?"

"I am his promised wife——"

"Great Heavens, no!"

"It is the fact, and I am not ashamed to say it."

The man threw up his hands as if horrified at her statement.

Sinley Towers approached and broke up the confab. Alice was not sorry. She loathed the sight of the cook, whom she had associated with in a business way during the past year.

He was a handsome scoundrel, and had won over the greater part of the inhabitants of Hinsbrow's Camp. His voice was low and pleasant; his face was handsome as a god's, and yet there was something about the man that the working girl did not like, a snake-in-the-grass sort of actions, that prejudiced her against him.

Another thing troubled Alice. It was on account of her dearest friend, Leone Gannon. In visiting her at the Camp, Leone had been thrown much in the society of the handsome chef. At odds with her old lover, what more natural than that she should fall in with the fascinating ways of the young chief cook, and learn to thrill at his step and tremble when he spoke.

Alice saw it all and was pained. Today she had seen Lupine in a new light. Her dislike amounted now to bitter hatred.

"I am glad you have come," said Lupine, addressing the sheriff. "You may be able to convince this headstrong girl of her folly."

Alice, however, turned at sound of Towers' step and walked hurriedly away.

The two men rode from the spot.

"The scamp escaped, it seems," said Lupine.

"So it seems, thanks to your foolishness," retorted the sheriff.

"Eh——"

"I should have been able to have made him a prisoner had you held your hand," broke in Sinley Towers. "It was not for you to shoot. If you had killed the man you, too, would have been a murderer."

An angry light shot to the eyes of the speaker's companion. He did not apparently relish such plain language from his superior.

"I am not thin-skinned like some people," muttered Lupine testily. "I meant only to wing the rascal. I must say you are uncivil to the man who has put you onto the movements of a criminal."

"That's all right," said Towers. "Your motives are none of the best, however, and I shall dispense with your services hereafter."

The remainder of the ride was passed in silence. The sheriff dropped his companion at the door of the boarding house. Turning to Lupine as the latter stepped daintily to earth, Towers tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Please hand over that revolver, Mr. Lupine."

The cook started and bit his lip. His cheek reddened with anger. He was not in sympathy with the officer. He had reported to that worthy the doings of the fugitive murderer, whom he had seen with Alice on several occasions. For this he had naturally expected praise, if not a substantial reward.

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Towers," said Lupine, with a bite in his words.

"Do as I tell you," bluntly uttered the officer. "I know my duty——"

"You have a sneaking way of showing it at all events," sneeringly broke in the other.

"Are you going to give me the pistol?"

"Certainly I am not. It is my property——"

"Then you must come with me."

Under-Sheriff Towers laid a heavy hand on the arm of his companion and lifted him by main force into the buggy. Lupine struggled and grew white with rage.

"You coward!" he hissed. "What do you mean——"

Towers spoke to his horse and the vehicle rolled away with the dainty chef of Hinsbrow's Camp held tightly on the seat beside him. In vain the slender man squirmed and struggled; he was as a child in the hands of the big sheriff. Lupine was white to the lips. His teeth gleamed like the fangs of a hungry tiger. He fumbled with his free hand beneath his coat.

Something glittered against the cheek of the officer.

The quick eye of Sinley Towers caught the gleam. His hand fell from its clutch on the other's shoulder and struck up the weapon as it exploded.

A bullet grazed the chin of the officer. Smoke and fire were not hotter than the big man's wrath. He crushed Lupine into the bottom of the buggy and held him down with his knee.

"Now be quiet!" said Towers.

The cook sputtered and squirmed. He even tried to use his weapon again.

"You hound!" ejaculated the sheriff, pressing his knee the harder, at the same time wrenching the revolver from the hand of the other. This he bestowed in his own pocket.

"Let me up," groaned the cook.

The slender chef was panting wildly. His face was white and stained with blood from his dainty nose. Towers had used him roughly. The gentlemanly nature of Casper Lupine was sadly ruffled. He was conscious of having made a mistake. It would never do to defy the county official further.

"Please let me up," whined the cowed man.

The sheriff complied.

When Lupine would spring from the buggy, however, the sheriff's hand held him fast.

"My soul! what do you mean by all this?" gasped Lupine.

"It means that I am taking you to jail."

"No, no, not that," gasped the now frightened chef. "I have done nothing to merit arrest."

"Haven't you?"

"No, no; let me go, please. My duties at the Camp are pressing——"

"You ought to have thought of that before."

"Please, sir——"

"See here," broke in big Sinley Towers, assuming a sternness he did not feel, since he was moved to mirth rather than anger at the wild actions of his companion, "you have merited a good stiff term in prison. What have you to say for yourself, anyhow, you miserable little runt of humanity?"

The sheriff shook Lupine till his teeth rattled.

"I don't see why you talk so harshly. I have done nothing——"

"You were carrying a concealed weapon."

"Well, but——"

"And you have just now resisted an officer in the discharge of his duty," proceeded Towers, a comical twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"I suppose I may as well plead guilty," groaned the dainty cook. "I did not intend to break the law, however. You drove me to it."

Just then a light rig came in sight. On the seat was a girl, Leone Gannon. Lupine's face went into rainbow tints at sight of her face. He remembered the moonlight nights he had whispered soft nothings to the gentle maid of Highup. It was not pleasant to meet her in his present plight.

Instantly a bright thought dawned upon Sheriff Towers. He produced a set of handcuffs and snapped them over the dainty wrists of his companion.

All of this in full view of the approaching girl.

The act brought a blush of shame and rage to the face of Lupine. Leone was naturally surprised at the sight. A queer thrill touched her heart.

She had been at outs with Sinley Towers since the chef of Hinsbrow's Camp had been monopolizing her society. She could not know that what Towers had done was meant to humiliate her latest lover in her eyes.

Casper Lupine covered his hands beneath his coat as the two vehicles passed. He bowed his face and did not venture to glance toward the girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS FINAL.

The news that the assassin of Huntoon had been seen in the neighborhood soon spread. Efforts for the capture of the villain were renewed. Parties of men and boys scoured the country round about Highup and Hinsbrow's Camp, armed to the teeth.

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Nothing came of it, however. The murderer of pretty Elpin Drawley had succeeded in making good his escape. Under-Sheriff Towers was deeply chagrined. He believed the blunder made by Casper Lupine had given the criminal his opportunity which he had improved to the disgust of the whole country.

The humiliation put upon Lupine by the official in question did not have the effect intended. When Leone learned how her stalwart lover had sought to humiliate the chef, her sense of honor was in the ascendant.

"It was a coward's act," she declared in the hearing of Sinley Towers.

The big sheriff was pacing about under the trees before the Gannon dwelling. He had just returned from a long race through the lumber camps in a vain search for the murderer. Old Jude Gannon sat smoking on the front porch, while his daughter reclined in a hammock under one of the trees with a late paper in her hand.

"Tut, tut," growled old Jude. "You mustn't be too personal, Leone, girl."

Leone compressed her lips and frowned. She had been reading something that in a measure upset her.

The great firm of Hinsbrow & Co. had failed, and the Camp was disintegrating. A swift, wild fear disturbed the girl's heart. Everything was now in confusion at the Camp, and doubtless many of the toilers there would find other fields of usefulness.

Leone thought of Lupine, and wondered how this thing would affect him.

"What's the news, Leone, girl?" queried the old logger, removing his pipe. He moved his chair near the edge of the porch and leaned toward the girl in the hammock

"Bad news, papa."

"Eh; is't so?"

"Yes. The Hinsbrows have failed, and the great Camp is breaking up."

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the old logger. "This is bad news, sure enough. It'll make hard times for the folks in the valley. I'm blamed sorry, though old Dickerson Hinsbrow won't suffer. He's got an anchor to wind'ard, be sure of that."

Sinley Towers approached and held out a hand for the paper. The girl drew away.

"Don't you believe what I say?" she asked half angrily.

"Of course I do," answered the county official. "I have seen it coming for a long time. Of course there'll be a temporary embarrassment, but the business is of too much importance to go to pieces like this. There'll be doings at Hinsbrow's Camp for a decade to come, never fear."

"I hope you are right, Mr. Towers."

The girl's face brightened. She allowed him to take the paper now, while she busied herself studying the foliage of the trees overhead.

Twenty minutes passed. Jude Gannon dusted the ashes from his pipe and went inside. The girl in the hammock lay musing, day-dreaming. A touch on her shoulder roused her. Sinley Towers stood at her side, pointing at a paragraph in the paper he held.

"Did you read this?" he asked.

"I think not. What is it?"

"A drowning accident at Manistee. The drowned one is a stranger, but from the description he may be Albert Drawley."

The girl sat up quickly. She was no longer listless. She thought of Alice, her dearest friend, who had been so indiscreet as to lose her heart to the cruel wife slayer. Leone had never suspected this till the revelations of that day when Lupine came so near ending the wicked murderer's career.

"Let me look at it," she cried impulsively. "Oh, I do hope it is he."

She took the paper and read of the accident—the capsizing of a boat containing a single passenger, who, in crossing the Manistee River, lost his life by drowning. The description of the body was plainly that of the fugitive murderer.

Leone breathed deeply. Her face, though white and troubled, yet evinced that she was pleased than otherwise at this news. Alice was saved. She would soon forget one so unworthy. Better to die thus than fill a solitary cell in the penitentiary for life.

"What do you think of it, Leone?"

She glanced up at the speaker with kindling eyes.

"It is better so," she said. "Judgment has been rendered; the murderer has gone to his reward."

"And we poor devils who have spent weeks of hopeless search? Where does our reward come in?" chanted Towers, with a sudden laugh.

"Oh, you deserve nothing," quickly responded the girl. "Your mean trick on Mr. Lupine is being paid for. I am glad——"

"Leone, listen to me," broke in the man. "You must never speak with that wretch again. This wreck of the Hinsbrow Camp is fortunate in one respect. That oily scamp will quit the country. I have been surprised at your tolerance of his attentions."

"Have you, indeed?"

"That I have——"

"You assume a right to lecture me," said Leone in bitter scorn. "Thank Heaven I never gave you that right." She drew from her finger a ring and flung it at his feet. It was the ring he had pressed upon her finger the year before. During all her acquaintance with the natty chef of Hinsbrow's Camp the girl had worn the sheriff's ring. He had not failed to notice this, and deemed her meetings with Casper Lupine of little importance. Most girls were flirtatious by nature. Towers was good natured, and not in the least jealous-pated. To be sure, he liked not her friendly reception of the cook's attentions, but while she wore his ring this could mean nothing.

"Now, Leone——"

"You are quite too familiar, Sinley Towers."

The slender girl sat bolt upright and returned his gaze with curling lip.

The big man bent down and picked up the ring from the ground. He faced her with the little circlet between thumb and finger.

"Shall I replace it?" he asked simply.

He seemed to think the girl in a pet which would soon subside. He did not know Leone Gannon.

"Never!" was her sharp reply. "I wish you would take this hateful ring and your equally hateful presence from me forever."

There was no mistaking the bitterness of her words. A white heat filled his breast and flamed from his black eyes. He bit his lips to repress words of which he might some day repent.

"Leone, you are not yourself now," he began in smothered tones.

"I am in my right mind at last, sir," was her retort. "I will admit that I was hypnotized for a while, say at the time you put that ring on my finger. I did not know you then, Sinley Towers. I thought——"

"Well?" as she hesitated.

"It doesn't matter what I thought."

"For once you are right; it doesn't matter."

Dropping the ring into his waistcoat pocket he retreated a step. He seemed to hesitate as to his movements. At length he approached and held out his big white hand in token of reconciliation.

"Let's be friends," he said. "I may have been hasty——"

"Not even as friends must we meet hereafter, Sinley Towers," said the girl, her breath coming hot across her lips. "I know you too well. You are a coward and a bully. Your treatment of Mr. Lupine was a revelation of this. You are even now bewailing the loss of that reward which the capture of Alfred, not Albert, Drawley would have brought you. You delight in human misery—I fairly hate the sight of your face!"

The big fellow quailed before her invective. Perhaps he felt that her characterization of himself was not wholly unjust. His big hand dropped to his side and he went backward several steps. A half smile touched his lip, however, and he seemed to rally his forces for a final effort.

"Are you sending me away, Leone?" he asked.

"You are dense, sir, not to understand."

"And is this final?"

"It is final."

"Allow me one word, Leone."

"Well?"

She lifted her dainty chin and stared him out of countenance. He chewed his nether lip and gazed aside.

"Whatever you may think of me, Leone Gannon, I beg of you to beware of that man at Hinsbrow's Camp. He is not what he seems, but a base——"

"Mr. Towers!"

Sharp as steel rang the interrupting pronouncement of his name. He stood at rest with one foot touching a knotty protuberance of the tree. Her face had gone white, and she slipped her feet to the ground and stood up like a young pythoness facing the man of the law.

"Never repeat yourself where he is concerned," she went on, in low yet penetrating speech. "As for Monsieur Lupine, you are not fit to lace his shoes. Please leave me alone now."

She deliberately turned her back. His dismissal was final. He knew it now and was quite dead at heart. Benumbed and aching from the blow, Sinley Towers walked away.

He had not gone twenty rods when a light buggy dashed up to the Gannon door. Towers stood staring. The occupant sprang out and clasped Leone by the hand. Casper Lupine was the victor, and stout Sheriff Towers groaned in spirit.

Ten minutes later a light buggy whirled down the road bearing Leone and her handsome friend. The man at the roadside saw that the girl was palpitating with delight—Lupine had won her from her rightful lover.

It was grinding to the proud spirit of the county official. He thought of Alice and of that bit of news in the paper. Somehow the girl of Hinsbrow's Camp had a strong hold upon the regards of Sinley Towers, and to her he turned in this hour of his undoing.

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

Sinley Towers went at once to Hinsbrow's Camp, and to Alice Canthow.

The long chase for the assassin had ended, he believed, and he was now out of the race in that particular. Alice had read the news and seemed very much depressed.

"I shall go to Manistee at once," said the sheriff, "and investigate. I can take no man's sayso with regard to the dead man. Since his guilt cannot be denied, it is better for his friends that he met his fate in the river."

Alice stood with her back to the man while he talked. Undignified and disrespectful perhaps, yet the girl was sore at heart, and had little in sympathy with the big deputy sheriff, who had, it seemed to her, driven the handsome Alfred Drawley to his death. The two were in the front room at the boarding house. Mrs. Coverly, Alice's mother, was too busily engaged in discussing ways and means with her husband in another room to pay heed to the doings of her daughter. The failure of the lumber firm had thrown several hundred people out of employment, among them the Coverlys.

There was no longer need for even the soft-voiced and handsome chef.

This last fact was pleasing to Alice, since she was very bitter against the cook because of his attempt upon the life of her lover.

"I suppose you will still stop at the Camp?" said Towers, changing the subject which he realized was painful to the girl.

"We have not decided that," said the girl sadly.

She turned and faced the officer, glad to talk of something less painful.

"Your life here has been a very pleasant one——"

"No, sir, it has not," cried Alice impetuously. "It has been a life of slavery to me. I am glad it is over, and that something different is to take its place."

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She sat down, requesting him to do the same.

"You think of going away then?"

"I don't know what I shall do. I am all broken up," sighed Alice.

"You must not give way like this," he said. "Now, if you will let me, I will see what can be done at Huntoon. I think I can find you a position there that will suit you better than this backwoods drudgery. What do you say?"

"You are so good, after all, Mr. Towers, do you know that I have been trying to teach myself to hate you?"

"I hope you have not succeeded."

"I imagined I had, but it seems that I was mistaken. You were doing only your duty. It was that evil Lupine who is to blame for poor Alfred's downfall." She was drifting back to a painful subject once more.

"Do you mean Albert Drawley——"

"Alfred, not Albert," corrected the girl quickly. "The officials have been mistaken all along. The man who fled from Huntoon to escape being lynched by the mob was Alfred Drawley."

"Are you sure, Alice? I thought——"

"I am sure. I had it from his own lips."

A flicker of a smile touched the man's lips. How innocent, he thought.

"I see you are a doubting Thomas," she cried quickly.

"I cannot help it," he said, "since it was Albert who killed his wife."

"Yes, it was Albert who did the murder," agreed Alice, "and by that token Alfred is innocent."

"There are not two of them——"

"Indeed there are, Alfred and Albert," declared the girl. "One is innocent, the other guilty; that is how Alfred has been misjudged. If he is dead he has been cruelly murdered by the law."

A swift pallor shot to the speaker's face. She calmed herself with an effort, and tried to be brave.

"Is it possible that you are not going to throw off this weakness, Alice Canthow?" uttered big Sinley Towers, a plainly sympathetic tone in his words. "I am sorry——"

"You need not be for me," broke in the girl with sudden feeling. "I am not asking condolence from anybody, much less from you, Mr. Towers."

"No, I suppose not. If I can help you in any way, however, you have but to command me. I knew your father, Alice, and he was a good friend to me. Blood is thicker than water."

"You might aid me in one respect," returned the girl thoughtfully.

"Yes?" he said.

"I have only one object left in life now, Mr. Towers."

"Don't say that——"

"It is the truth. I shall devote my life to proving the innocence of Alfred Drawley."

"A thankless task, I fear."

"You still stand to the belief that he did that bad deed?"

"I have seen nothing that leads me to change my mind."

Alice sighed as the big officer rose to go.

"Have you seen Leone lately?" suddenly questioned the girl.

"Yes, only an hour ago."

The memory of seeing her with Lupine sent a twinge to his heart.

"She comes here very seldom now," pursued she. "I am beginning to fear for her sanity, Mr. Towers."

The sheriff started and bit his lip. Alice, beautiful in her sorrow, touched him in a tender spot. Had he never met Leone he could easily have loved this even more attractive Diana. How strange it was that these two delightfully attractive young women should waste their affections on objects so unworthy. There surely was no accounting for the tastes of the human female.

"She had company when I saw her last," said Towers with a cynical laugh.

"That man Lupine?"

"The same."

"What can she see in that snake-eyed wretch to admire?" uttered Alice in hot disgust. "I'd sooner carry my eggs to Satan's bakeshop than to such a market. Can't you constrain her, Sinley? Once I thought she and you would become one. What has caused the change?"

"Not I at all events."

"I am glad of that. Leone is simply daft where Monsieur Lupine is concerned."

Towers pressed the girl's hand at parting. He even raised the slender fingers to his lips as he turned away. It was in memory of her father he persuaded himself. They were friends again, he and Alice, a fact that was of deep comfort to the young trailer of criminals.

"Remember," he said, "that I shall find a place in Huntoon for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Towers."

He walked away, wondering why he had not noticed until now how fascinating a person was this plump boarding house miss of the wildwood.

The deputy sheriff lost no time in visiting Manistee. He viewed the remains of the drowned young stranger and came away satisfied that the assassin of Elpin Drawley was still at large. There was scarcely a resemblance between the dead man and Albert Drawley, after all. The reporter had blundered in his description, seeking to create a sensation by intimating that the murderer had at last been found.

Alice waited at home, expecting a visit from Leone. She was disappointed and vexed because the friend of years did not come at this time when she was in such dire straits. Out of work, with a surly stepfather to growl at and find fault with her every move, the girl was not in a position to be envied.

Casper Lupine had deserted the Camp soon after the collapse of its business affairs. Whither he had gone Alice did not know. She disliked the soft-voiced chef, and was glad enough to have him out her sight.

A few days after her talk with Deputy

Towers, Alice received a letter. It proved to be from the big official. It was from Huntoon and bore delightful news.

Alfred Drawley lived; the drowned man at Manistee was as yet unidentified. This was all of the letter the girl read for a time. Her head grew light, and the room whirled. It was all so unexpected, so pleasing.

But what is this? A crisp paper fell to the floor and had lain there for the brief spell of Alice's rejoicing. She picked this up and examined it.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the girl, trembling in every limb. "A check on the Huntoon Bank for one thousand dollars, and in my name! What does it mean?"

CHAPTER X.

THE RUSH OF EVENTS.

Sinley Towers sat one night in a room over the hotel at Huntoon.

He was, to use a frequent expression of his, "down on his luck." He had made a failure of everything, and was deep in the Slough of Despond. His love for Leone Gannon was strong and deep. Towers was not a demonstrative man, nor did he slop over, either in affairs of state or of the heart.

He was not quite sure why Leone had jilted him.

She had been extremely "heady," even before the advent of Casper Lupine, so that he did not blame that individual for all his troubles in love affairs, although the logger's pretty, spoiled daughter had seemed different ever after Lupine came.

Towers was not mourning in self pity. He held a stiff rein upon himself, but Leone? She was, he feared, about to throw herself away upon as worthless a specimen of male mortality as ever lived.

Once he thought seriously of going to Jude Gannon with her case. The big man's unselfish love for Leone influenced him to wish her well in her heart relations, even though he had no part in them.

It was not, however, in the nature of big Sinley Towers to sit idly down and "throw up the sponge" simply because of one slip of a girl's inconstancy. Then, too, there was Alice. Towers was thinking often of her and her unfortunate passion for the fugitive murderer.

"It's mighty strange about these women," he found himself muttering. 'Now Alice Canthow seems a sensible girl in the main. Of course she did not know that the dapper little man she was learning to love was the wife murderer. But, once she discovered the truth, one would think a sensible girl would shrink from him in horror. Not so, however. She sticks all the closer; says Drawley is innocent, and she will pray for his escape from the toils some wicked enemy has woven about him. Bosh, of course, but——"

A rap on his door cut short his mental debating.

"Come in," said the sheriff, wheeling about on his chair.

The door opened and a man crossed the threshold.

The visitor stood for a moment, hesitating in the dim light. Towers got up and turned the light higher, he then shoved a chair and requested his caller to sit down.

The man remained standing, however.

"You are sheriff of Windom County, I understand," said the caller.

"I am Sheriff Graves' deputy, sir."

Towers eyed his visitor keenly. He had encountered many strange characters in this time and this promised to be one of them. The fellow was rather under the medium stature, with heavy black beard and twinkling dark eyes.

"I would ask you a question, Mr. Towers."

"Go ahead.'

"A heavy reward has been offered for the capture, dead or alive, of one Alfred Drawley. Am I right?"

"Very near it, only it is Albert instead of Alfred Drawley," said Towers.

"It doesn't matter," muttered the other. "What I wish to know is, if this man, accused of murder, should give himself up, who would get the reward?"

"That is a question."

"It is one I wish to have answered."

"That might be for the court to decide. Very likely nobody would, strictly speaking, be entitled to the reward."

"It seems to me Drawley would be entitled to it," said the visitor.

"Perhaps, only——"

"What I want to know is, if Drawley gives himself up can he name the recipient of the thousand dollars offered for his capture? If he can do so then you may be sure of the man, and at once."

"What authority have you——"

"The best in the world," interrupted the sheriff's visitor. "I am Albert Drawley's brother."

"Indeed!"

Sinley Towers was not wrong in his estimate, his visitor was queer. Undoubtedly demented. Nevertheless the officer decided to humor him.

"You understand, sir, I——"

"Did your brother send you here?" broke in Towers eagerly.

"Yes—no—that is, I am here by authority. I know your reputation, Mr. Towers, and your word goes with me. If you promise to turn the reward over to a person I shall name, the alleged assassin of Elpin Drawley will come in and surrender. Speak at once, else the offer will be withdrawn."

"Yes," said the other, "I will do as you say."

A half smile touched the face of the sheriff. He would humor the fellow and note what came of it.

"No backing out after it is too late for the prisoner to escape. On your word of honor, Mr.—er—Drawley, I will see that the reward goes to the person you shall name, providing the assassin is delivered into my custody."

The sheriff's visitor stepped aside and pulled off beard and hat.

"Why, you are Albert Drawley!" exclaimed Towers, recognizing the man he had hunted for more than a year."

"My name is Drawley," said the young man, "and I name Alice Canthow as the recipient of the reward. You can take me to jail at once. I am glad this suspense is over!"

The speaker sank to a chair and bowed his head upon his breast. A handsome face it was, now marked with care and suffering. Sinley Towers towered above the dejected mite of humanity, not gloating, yet glad of this opportunity to aid the cause of justice.

With a sigh, the pale prisoner lifted his face, extending his bare hands toward the big officer.

"Put them on, Mr. Towers. I know your duty."

The sheriff shook his head.

"Blamed if I do," said he. "You have come voluntarily to prison; I shan't humiliate you by putting on handcuffs. You will come with me."

Drawley rose with an apparent effort. He seemed weak and ready to collapse.

"Lean on me," said the officer.

Together the two men left the room. Ten minutes later Towers turned his prisoner over to Sheriff Graves at the jail.

"Remember your promise," whispered Drawley as he parted from Towers.

"I shall not forget."

The sheriff of Windom County was highly pleased at the capture of the much-wanted wife-murderer. He called his under-officer to him and questioned him about the capture.

"How did you do it?" said Graves, a stout elderly man, rather pompous of manner. "I had about given up."

"I have had him shadowed all the time lately. It wasn't hard," said the deputy with a laugh. "And now I shall expect the reward at your earliest convenience, Mr. Graves."

"Of course, certainly, certainly," returned the elder man, rubbing his hands together in great glee.

Sinley Towers lost no time in complying with the wishes of the man he had lodged in jail. As for himself he cared not the snap of his finger for the reward. He knew he was not entitled to it, and since Leone had cut his acquaintance he had grown cynical and disgruntled.

He understood why the man Drawley had secured this nest egg for Alice Canthow. In thinking of it the young Hercules felt more disgusted than pleased. He did not like to see a fine girl like Alice Canthow throw herself away on a worthless outlaw. This would not matter for long, however. The girl would soon forget Drawley after the penitentiary doors had closed upon him, as they were sure to do.

On the whole, it gave the big man pleasure to help a poor girl in the way suggested. At first he thought of carrying the money in person; second thought induced him to write instead.

And thus it was that we find the boarding house maid the recipient of a handsome present. The letter accompanying the check was short and to the point. Alfred Drawley had given himself up and designated her as the one to receive the long standing reward offered for his capture.

At first the girl was wild with excitement, joy and sorrow holding equal sway in her soul. The money was more than wealth to the tired young working girl. But then there was the man she loved in prison to pay for it all. This last was as gall and wormwood to her sensitive soul.

What ought she to do? Alice paced the floor in an agony of unrest. Once the thought came to her to consult her mother. If she did this the stepfather was sure to know of it, and then there was sure to be trouble. No, she could not have anybody discussing her affairs, in any event not her stepfather.

"If Leone were only here," murmured Alice. Then the face of Lupine intervened and the girl would not have even Leone to know. She must do something, however. It were madness to sit in idle speculating. She could not yet comprehend the whys and wherefores of the check coming to her. Why had Alfred done this thing? It was generous of him. She could not feel bad over his act of surrender. Better face the

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"My condition finally got so serious that I was advised by my doctor to go to a hospital. I went to one of the largest in Detroit. There they gave me what I supposed was coffee, and I thought it was the best I ever drank, but I have since learned it was Postum. I gained rapidly and came home in four weeks.

"Somehow the coffee we used at home didn't taste right when I got back. I tried various kinds, but none tasted as good as that I drank in the hospital, and all brought back the dreadful headaches and the 'sick-all-over' feeling. At last one day I got a package of Postum Food Coffee, and the first taste of it I took I said 'that's the good coffee we had in the hospital!' I have drank it ever since, 3 times a day, and eat Grape-Nuts for my breakfast. I have no more headaches, and feel better than I have for years. Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

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Askitt—Have you any idea what the trouble is?

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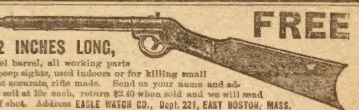

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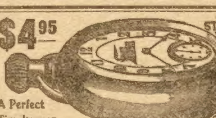

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courts and have it out. Ah! a sudden inspiration seized her. She saw the point now. This money was meant for use in defense of the prisoner. How blind she had been. Well, it was all plain enough now, and Alice Canthow rose to the occasion. She would hire the best legal talent in the State to defend the prisoner. He was not guilty, he had said so, and she believed him.

Placing the letter, with its valuable contents, in her bosom Alice went to the yard below. A girl came swiftly across the lawn and faced her—Leone, white and trembling. Alice saw that something was troubling her friend.

"I am wanting to speak with you, Alice. I need a friend in this hour, to give me advice."

"Your father——"

"Is away. I have no mother to go to; I have come to you, Alice."

"I am glad you did. Come this way where we can talk in private." Alice led the way to the shadow of the trees across the highway.

CHAPTER XI.
LEONE'S MAD FLIGHT.

From their position the girls could see a winding stretch of river. The banks were lined with bending willows whose branches caught and played with the water like human fingers.

It was a pretty scene as the fast descending sun touched with coy fingers the hillside and clearing, feathering the long bend of water with a golden halo that was entrancing. It was a beautiful, restful afternoon in late summer.

The boarding house crowned the hill, beyond which, on a lower level, were the blacksmith shop and country store. Hinsbrow's Camp was a homely spot, yet for both girls it had hallowed memories. The friends were acutely contrasted.

Alice, tall, comely and plump, with a healthy complexion, blue eyes and brown hair, seemed the embodiment of health and strong muscles. Leone, slender as a fawn, with gray eyes and red-gold hair, was the prettier of the two. Her form, though slender, was well rounded and willowy, her every movement grace itself. It may be that Leone imagined sometimes that she stood a notch higher in the social world than coarser Alice Canthow, although such a thought never found utterance in words. The two were the best of friends, like own sisters in fact.

Both were in trouble. Alice waited for her visitor to open the way for confidences.

"I have talked with you about Casper, Alice," said Leone, breaking the silence with low-spoken words. "You know how our affairs stand."

"Not entirely. Are you going to marry the fellow, Leone?"

"Yes—no—I am undecided what to do, Alice."

"Then you will not marry him, Leone."

"I think I shall, only——"

"Only you have doubts about Casper Lupine's honesty of purpose. I would never risk it, Leone, never in the world."

"You were prejudiced from the start, Alice. I think I have made a mistake——"

"Indeed you have in trusting that snake-in-the-grass," broke in the kitchen maid. "Where is he now? He left Camp the moment things were seen to be going wrong. He has been absent three days."

"He will come here no more, Alice. You did not wait for me to finish. I wished to say that I fear your prejudices will not allow you to advise me impartially."

"If you mean about Casper Lupine, I shall advise you to have nothing more to do with him."

"It is about Casper——"

"Has he asked you to marry him, Leone?"

"He has."

The beauty of Highup blushed prettily.

"And you have accepted him?"

"On conditions, yes."

"What are the conditions?"

"That he take me away from this region forever," said Leone, with a smothered sigh.

"Of course he will agree to that," said Alice with a half sneer. "He will make any promise to steal you from the man who truly loves you as no other can or ever will. If such a man as Sinley Towers loved me I tell you I should think twice before trading him off for a creature like effeminate Casper Lupine. That's my honest sentiment, Leone."

"You do not quite understand, Allie——"

"Yes, I do."

"Sinley Towers is nothing to me."

"I know far better than that."

"He is a hard-hearted man of the world. Casper has a gentle spirit, an artistic nature, and he will place his wife in the halls of fashion. Alice, I have a revelation to make."

"I am listening, Leone."

"Casper is not what he seems."

"I can well believe that."

"He has been training under false colors——"

"I knew it all the time. He is no cook; he can't bake bread for sour apples. He would have got his discharge, anyhow, even had the firm not collapsed. If you marry him, Leone, you'll have to support him."

Alice was in a serio-comic mood. At any rate it seemed so to her friend.

"Do listen for one moment, and be serious, please," pleaded the other.

"I am serious, Leone."

"As I said, Casper, dear fellow, has been fooling us all this time. He is the son of Colonel Thomas Lupine of Washington, and is very wealthy——"

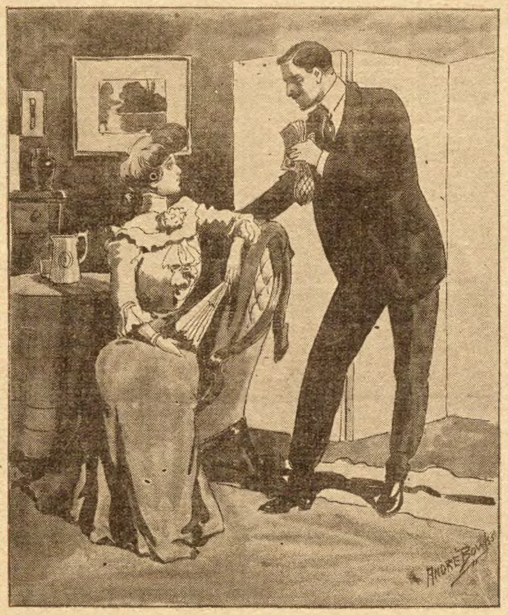
"The idea!"

"I shall never have to do a stitch of work; we will live in a big mansion on one of the avenues, and—and—and I'll tell you what I want, Alice."

"You said you would."

"After I am settled I want you to come to Washington and live with me. Promise me you will do this, Alice, dear."

Leone laid a hand on her companion's arm and looked pleadingly into her blue eyes.



"There's five hundred dollars, Leone."

"Lord, yes, I'll come of course," and Alice emitted a laugh. "What will my duties be, Leone—parlor maid, kitchen girl, or what?"

"You know what I mean, Alice, so don't make sport. I want you for a companion. We shall go across the water next year and you shall accompany us."

"My goodness, Leone, won't you be jealous of me? Why, once I thought I fancied Monsieur Lupine; have you forgotten?"

"I'll take all the risk. You will do as I wish, ma chere? Why, who knows but you may make a contest among the Eastern nabobs. I shall see to it that you marry well——"

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated the more practical Alice. "No, I shan't promise anything. What's more, I don't believe you'll be happy if you marry that man. The son of Colonel Lupine indeed!"

Leone turned away, a strained, unhappy look on her face.

"Don't go, Leone, dear," called Alice, hurrying after her friend.

"I will not discuss anything further with you," declared the logger's daughter, incensed at the contemptous treatment Alice had given her remarks.

"You must not go away angry, Leone," protested Alice. "About this marriage? Truly, do you intend to become his wife, that awful man——"

Leone broke away from her friend's hand and sped away like a frightened deer. Alice realized that she had been indiscreet. She would not follow, however. She had her own troubles. Let her friend fight her own battles. It was ridiculous nevertheless, this story of Lupine's being the son of a wealthy Washingtonian.

"I wonder if she believes it herself? It can't be. That dastard has told a fine yarn to induce Leone to marry him. But she'd be a fool to do it. I won't believe it till I know it, anyhow."

Meantime Leone turned her back on Hinsbrow's Camp and returned once more to her humble home at Highup.

It was near the hour of midnight that Jude Gannon's daughter stole from her room to meet and fly with the man of her choice. Her father had conceived a hearty dislike for this new lover, and had forbidden him the house, hence these clandestine meetings.

A waiting horse and buggy received the girl.

"All is safe at last," said a voice in Leone's ear. She was folded to the breast of her lover, while he kissed her tenderly.

They sped on through the night for miles. Under swaying boughs, through dark forests they rode, till at the end of two hours twinkling lights announced a dwelling.

"It is the home of Squire Bastable," whispered Lupine.

"They entered and faced the justice, whose wife and daughter acted as witnesses. After the ceremony, Lupine paid his fee, led the trembling bride to his vehicle and the twain plunged on once more, facing toward the nearest railway station.

CHAPTER XII.
A CLEVER SCOUNDREL.

What a ride that was.

To her dying day Leone did not forget it. On through wood and clearing dashed horse and vehicle, bearing two hearts that beat as one. Out of the old life forever, onward to elysian fields, to new life and happiness!

Was ever bride more thrilled with the new thoughts a few hours had wrought? If Leone thought of stalwart Sinley Towers during this weird yet wildly happy time, it was to pity rather than hate. The big man had loved her as well as he knew how. His was not the love of Casper Lupine, the natural artist soul she had chosen for her life companion.

The big house in Washington, on the avenue, loomed large.

The fair bride nestled close, while her protector and husband whispered of the future and of the happiness that was to be theirs.

How it all thrilled and enthused the timid bride. Her father would grieve, and it was of him the girl thought most. Her act had in a measure wronged the best father the sun ever shone upon. But there would come reconciliation and happiness after a time.

Leone pictured her crude old parent sitting in one of the richest apartments of the richly dowered home on the avenue, quietly smoking—not his old black pipe, but the highest flavored Havanas! Wouldn't that be fine? She would be the envy of all her old acquaintances, and her eccentric father happy in the idleness her riches would bring to him in his declining years.

Leone had not mentioned these things to her lover—her husband now. There would be time for that later on.

Even the summer air of early morning grew damp and chill. Leone shrank more closely. An arm clasped her slim waist, and a low voice said:

"Are you cold, dearest?"

"Oh, no, not in the least."

"But you tremble. What is it? Not repenting already, Butterfly?"

"Repenting what, Casper?"

"This night's adventure—your marriage with me?"

"No, indeed, Casper."

She pursed her lips for the kiss which was not withheld. Going on and on, the lovers were unconscious of time, till the puff of the steam horse announced approach to the station.

Twenty minutes later the happy couple were speeding eastward on the early morning express. A hundred miles beyond the wild depths of Highup woods the runaways halted at a city of considerable importance.

Two small grips constituted the baggage.

Once at a hotel, in the parlor, Leone realized that she was tired and sleepy. The whole night had been a wakeful one to bride and groom.

Casper Lupine secured a room and left Leone for a brief time. The twain breakfasted, and then Lupine revealed his plans.

"I don't think it best to go direct to Washington, ma chere," said he, his black eyes sparkling as they reveled in the beauty of his bride. "Dad doesn't know, and I would not trouble him with a sudden surprise. We will remain here for a day, then go to the sea."

"Yes," said Leone, "that will please me."

"I knew it would."

He bent and kissed her and went out. Leone stood alone watching her face in the long dresser mirror. How pale she was, a veritable little 'fraid kitten. Her heart beat rapidly, too. She felt weak. Was she going to faint? What silliness.

"Good Lord, there's nothing to be afraid of," she said. "It will all come out right. Of course it is better to have our honeymoon out before we face his rich old father and more stately mamma. I mean to be awful nice before them so they shan't know I am a backwoods nobody."

The girl wife laughed a grim little laugh. She was bound to feel at ease, no matter what happened. A step and a touch on her pale cheek caused her to spring backward with a little cry.

"It's only I," and her handsome husband stood back with folded arms and smiled in her face. "Did I frighten you, mabelle?"

"Yes, you did. I——"

"I am sorry; beg ten million pardons,"

His face grew grave. Something was on his mind. She saw this at a glance. She inquired instantly his trouble.

"A most awkward thing has happened," he said.

"Don't keep me in suspense, please."

Leone was trembling again. Her face was whiter than ever. His intense quizzical gaze fetched the red into her cheeks.

"It's a mere nothing, dear," laughing. "I have been robbed—nothing very serious, simply had my pocket picked. I can telegraph home and get the necessary funds, only——"

"That would be most awkward," quickly broke in Leone.

"Well, yes, a trifle——"

"There isn't the slightest need of it. Take my purse. I was thoughtful enough to fetch all my earnings, for, you see, I did not know if I should ever see Highup again. My stepmother would have cleared my room of anything so filthy as base coin had I left any."

The girl produced a long purse from which she pulled a wad of bills. Beside these was a heavy weight of coin.

"How much?" asked he, with sudden interest.

"Count and see."

A smile touched the lips of Leone as she placed the wad in the palm of her husband. When he had complied, an ejaculation burst from his lips.

"Why, blessed heart, here's a small fortune!"

He turned to his bride with sparkling eyes.

"I earned the most of it, sir," with conscious pride.

"There's five hundred dollars, Leone!"

"I am aware of that. Enough to buy our furniture, and pay a month's rent if we were poor, Casper," and a merry laugh followed.

"I should think as much. My, but you're a darling, Leone. This will shield us from trouble till we go to Washington; that is, if you care to entrust it to me?"

"I am not sure that it would be quite safe," she said. "Pickpockets abound, and you are careless——"

His amused laugh cut her short. He pocketed the money, kissed his bride and went out.

Leone was happy. She had shown her confidence in her husband and was congratulating herself on being the possessor of so trustworthy a mate.

Lupine was gone a long time. In fact when lunch hour arrived he was still absent. What kept him? Leone marveled, but did not repine. She walked about in a

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half distrait manner, wishing for the return of her handsome Casper.

When night drew on again and he was still absent, she became alarmed. She had refused luncheon, now dinner was here and Casper still gone.

It was exasperating. The bride pouted and grew vexed. He had no right to tease her like this. She waited an hour, then went to the dining room alone. It wasn't pleasant to dine thus, and she married less than four and twenty hours.

"I'll punish you for this, my Casper," she mentally soliloquized.

Night flung down its gauntlet. The city gleamed with myriads of electric sparks while the bride of a day sat at her window alone, gazing blankly out upon all the gaiety of which she was no part.

A knock aroused her. A bellboy entered and handed her a telegram.

"Leone: Do not worry. Have been hastily summoned home. Will write.

"LUPINE."

The bit of paper fluttered to the floor. Leone sat and gasped for air. Her feelings were too full for expression. She sat and stared outward, but saw nothing. The electric sparks were not even noticed.

Summoned home. How sudden. Why did he not tell her this in person? It could not be so sudden as to demand this. The first unrest of the day came to the bride.

Her lethargy vanished. She was up and pacing the carpet. White and chilled as with Arctic cold, the bride walked and thought of a thousand ills.

That was a weird, ugly, miserable night, the first one after her marriage.

It was not wholly sleepless, however. Leone fell asleep after midnight, her pillow wet with angry, passionate tears. They were not to be her last, however.

No news came on the following day. Waiting impatiently, the bride grew ill, so ill that a doctor was summoned. She was sick a week. When she stood on her feet once more she had very little store of coin in her purse, and during all this time not a word from Casper Lupine.

How thoughtless he was. But one recourse was left. She would go to Washington and demand her rights as the wife of Colonel Thomas Lupine's son.

The national capital was reached and she at once made search for Colonel Lupine's house on the avenue. She did not find it; nor did she find the colonel. Why? Simply because the colonel was a myth. No such name was in the directory, and at the end of two days' search Leone sat down to the realization that she was not only robbed and deserted, but forever disgraced as well.

Her only desire now was to find Casper Lupine and visit a fitting vengeance upon his unholy head.

This strange and romantic story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this fine story, as well as numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid President Portraits free, or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Prefers Death.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the court's permission," said the judge.

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very likely," said the judge.

"Well, then, Judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!"

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THE TUFT OF HAIR.

A beautiful woman found dead in the gray morning on the outskirts of the town! Two laborers going to their work in the woods had discovered the body, and in their fright had thrown their axes down and beat a hasty retreat to the village, where, under great excitement, they reported the matter to the authorities. All Brounfield was excited over the terrible news. Never in the history of the town had such a tragedy occurred. The woman was well known in the community as a young widow, whose husband had led a somewhat reckless life, but who had left her well provided for at his death, which occurred after two years of wedded life.

The town magistrate, five councilmen, the chief inspectors, and perhaps fifty villagers of Brounfield, after they had heard the story of the two laborers, followed them to the spot where the body lay.

It was a fitting spot for a murder. The sandy road, arched by meeting trees that shut the sunlight out, led abruptly to a covered bridge, which spanned a bleak and sluggish stream, and just fifty yards from the water, in a cluster of bushes by the roadside, the body lay.

Why did the murderer leave it there? was the question we involuntarily asked ourselves, as the white face and staring eyes met our gaze. Why did he not seek to conceal his crime by throwing the body into the river?

The woman had been strangled; the print of human fingers was visible on her white throat. The fingers of the right hand were closed tightly, until the blue nails seemed to pierce the bloodless palm. Evidently she had not died without a struggle.

"Look!" cried one of the men, pointing to the closed hand, and we saw for the first time that it held a little tuft of coarse black hair.

"This may be a clue to the murderer," said the magistrate. "Mr. Brown, you will hold the inquest. Had we not better remove the body at once to Brounfield?"

Brown assented, and we formed a little funeral procession and bore the dead woman to the town.

The two laborers who had discovered the body were witnesses, but the inquest developed nothing except that the woman was fond of taking long walks in the afternoon, and that on the evening of her death she had been seen leaving her house by a woman, who testified that she saw a man, who wore no coat, join her in the little town park and enter into conversation with her. Here the witness lost sight of them, so thought nothing of the incident. She could not describe the man in his shirt-sleeves, for she was not near enough to distinguish his features. She remembered, however, that he was a tall man, and seemed to have a walking-cane in his hand.

Who could have committed the crime? Robbery was not the object, for the woman's purse, containing a little less than two dollars, was found by her side, or, rather, in a little satchel which she carried suspended from her neck.

My business kept me in Brounfield a week after this event, but when I left they were no nearer to solving the mystery of the murder than they were when the body was found.

I remember how, a month afterward, as I lay on my bed in a distant town, thinking it over, the testimony of that woman at the inquest recurred to me and set me thinking.

She had spoken of a man "with his coat off" who had stopped the woman and engaged her in conversation in the park. Had they looked upon this as a clue and followed it up?

Was there a man in that town who habitually went in his shirt-sleeves? A man who had been familiar enough with the woman to address her as this man did?

The more I thought of this the more it appealed to me. I could not ridicule it into silence. It seemed to take in my mind the indefinite clue to the murder, until at last I felt confident that I could clear up the mystery in which it was shrouded.

I packed my satchel and bought a ticket to Brounfield. I had yet some unfinished business there, and so a good excuse for going.

Arrived there, I made inquiries concerning the murder. A reward had been offered for the murderer, but as yet he had not been captured.

My room was in the second story of the little hotel. It was a hot night in July, and although fatigued by my journey, I could not sleep.

It was perhaps near twelve o'clock, when the stillness of death seemed to reign in the house, that I arose and resolved to seek the balcony for a breath of fresh air. As I walked out I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded, sitting at the far end, with his feet on the railing. He gave an involuntary start at my approach.

"Ah," he said, with something like a sigh, "out for a breath of fresh air, eh? It was so very hot in the house, I thought I'd try it out here myself."

I do not know that the man's manner would have impressed me if I had not seen him in his shirt-sleeves—but, pshaw! I wore no coat myself. Who could on such a sultry July night?

I do not know whether fate or Providence led me to this man; but I do know that a half-hour's conversation with him made me suspect that he knew something about the murder of that poor woman whose body I had seen on that memorable morning by the roadside.

I naturally led the conversation to the murder. He did not seem inclined to talk of it, and soon changed the subject. But I brought him back to it by easy stages, until at last, with a gesture of impatience, he said:

"I don't wish to talk about it; the authorities are at work on the case, and I suppose they'll ferret out the murderer in time."

The best detectives sometimes blunder in their work. I was an amateur in the business; hence my great confidence in my theories. "A tall man," the woman had said. Here was a tall man. A tuft of coarse black hair clutched in the dead woman's palm. My friend in his shirt-sleeves had just such hair. These were the mental notes I made while I was talking with him there on the balcony.

"Are you a stranger here?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I've been in business here a little more than three months. I'm a surveyor."

We parted for the night, and before I returned I decided to dismiss my foolish impression of the man and turn my attention to other matters. But I could not quite rid my mind of the idea that in some way or another he was connected with that murder.

In the morning, after breakfast, he walked across the street to the postoffice in his shirt-sleeves. I saw him a dozen times that day—always in his shirt-sleeves. All that week, whenever I met the man, he was always coatless. It seemed to be his habit to go that way.

I was strangely attracted to him, and the more I thought of him the more I felt convinced that he knew something about the murder.

He said he was a surveyor. Perhaps that was the reason he took long walks every afternoon. I had seen him in the park a dozen times, but he seldom wore his coat.

I sought the woman who had testified at the inquest. If she saw that man in the park again, would she be able to recognize him?

She thought she would, if she could see him standing in the same position.

I slipped a five-dollar bill in her hand, enjoined her to secrecy, and obtained her promise to be in the park every evening after that until she met the man.

The next day at twilight I saw a man standing in the park with a coat on his arm. In his hand he held a heavy cane, and appeared to be contemplating some object in the distance.

While he was in this position the woman, true to her promise, passed hurriedly up, keeping her eyes fixed on him as she went.

I followed her, and when we were well out of hearing she stopped, and said:

"Before Heaven, I think it's the man I saw with Mrs. Huntley. I know him by his shape."

I was wild with excitement.

"Do not breathe a word of this to any one," was my caution to the woman, as I hurried to the magistrate's residence.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, when I laid the story before him. "That is Captain Carlton, a surveyor, whose character is above reproach. It is true he had paid the dead woman some attention, but—"

I interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"You are bound to take this woman's testimony," I said, "and place this captain under arrest. It matters not what his character may be. The woman says it is the man!"

The inspector of police was called in.

"Find Captain Carlton," said the magistrate, "and tell him I wish to see him immediately, on business."

It was perhaps a full hour before the captain put in an appearance, and when he did, the magistrate did not know what to say to him.

"Well," he said, with an inquiring look, "what can I do for you?"

The magistrate said nothing, but looked appealingly to me.

"We should send for the woman," I said.

"What woman?" asked Carlton excitedly.

"Why, captain," said the magistrate, in a nervous voice, "there is a woman here who says that she saw you with Mrs. Huntley."

The man started at the name, and a faint pallor overspread his face, which soon changed to an indignant red. He did not wait for the magistrate to finish the sentence, but, stamping his foot, furiously, exclaimed:

"It is a lie—a black lie! And I'll strike the man or woman dead who says it!"

"Don't commit another murder, captain," I said, placing my hand on a revolver which I always carried. "I accuse you of the crime!"

He sprang forward with a fearful imprecation, but drew back at the sight of my weapon, which was leveled at his breast.

By this time the room was crowded with curious spectators, who had overheard the oaths of the caged captain.

He was soon secured and taken to jail. The woman was brought face to face with him, and he cowered before her.

The lock of hair in the dead woman's hand matched his own exactly, and finally a confession was wrung from him.

He had loved the woman, but she had repulsed him. He soon found that she loved another, and on the evening of the murder he had met her by accident, and walked with her to the place where her body was subsequently found. In a fit of jealous rage he had choked her to death, though he did not mean to kill her.

The sound of a wagon approaching had frightened him, and he fled, leaving the body where it was found next morning.

The captain paid the penalty of his crime in due course. It was the first detective work I had ever done, and I hope it will be the last. I was not working for the reward, but the magistrate thought I deserved it, and I was $500 better off in the bank when the case was concluded and I left Brounfield.

Introducing a Windmill.

The agent of an Ohio windmill—best thing ever invented, and warranted to go whether the wind blows or not—went down into Tennessee to introduce it. When he had brought up in a certain town he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and explained his mission and stated his desires.

"Well, I reckon it can be done," was the reply.

"Then, how had I best proceed?"

"You should first put 'er up on the hill over there. I don't know who owns the ground; but if you treat the crowd, there won't likely be any objections. Better have it ready by next Saturday. That's market day. Turn out early and treat the crowd."

"I see."

"Set the old thing going, and ask the boys to come over and have a drink."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a barrel and make some explanations, of course, for this mill will be new to most of us. Don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes and then treat the crowd."

"I'll do that."

"If your talk lasts longer than ten minutes, then you treat again."

"I see."

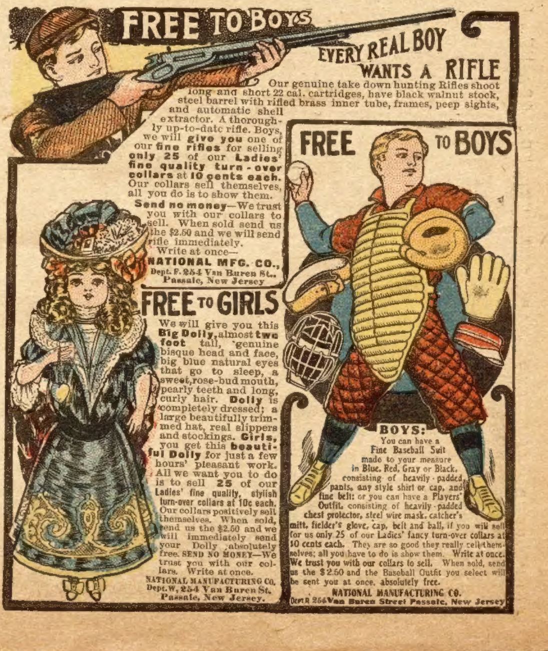
"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys, there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row, ask the whole crowd over to drink."

"I catch on."

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place, you can't hold the crowd over two minutes. Keep your eyes on the dogs. If they begin to bristle up to you, call out the crowd come over and moisten."

"Yes, and by that time the crowd will be drunk, won't it?" asked the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you; and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles of this, you are a bigger fool than I take you to be!"



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Uneasy is the tooth that wears a misfit crown.

Don't look down on people who look up to you.

To the pure all things are pure—outside of politics.

Ballet girls never miss an opportunity to register a kick.

Some men marry widows so they won't have to buy new furniture.

If there is anything a woman loves more than a man it is some other man.

Even when a woman does trust her husband she doesn't let him know it.

It isn't always safe to judge a man's wisdom by the silliness of his love letters.

After a man has taken a few glasses of rye on board he begins to feel his oats.

The jury probably will not find the mother of Mrs. Thaw guilty, but the public will.

Dead men tell no tales; but the anecdotes their friends tell about them more than make up for it.

Perhaps the Panama Canal zone is haunted by the uneasy ghost of the late Ferdinand de Lesseps.

New York's subway has sprung a mysterious leak that threatens to flood it. Possibly the water is oozing out of the stock.

Think twice before you speak; and if you think three times the chances are you will not think it necessary to speak at all.

As Grover Cleveland was a bachelor up to the age of 49 years, he speaks with knowledge when he scores the bachelors.

If the Czar dissolves the newly elected Douma and calls for another perhaps he will make only the grand dukes qualified voters.

Honduras and Nicaragua will have to put a lot more ginger in their fighting if they expect to compete with the Thaw trial for first page position.

Devote your spare time to the consideration of your own faults, for a change, and you will have less to say about the faults of your neighbors.

Secretary Shaw and Jim Hill ought to pool their panics, for the rest of us should be just as happy if scared to death only once a week instead of twice a week.

Speed is only one of the qualities desirable in a railroad train. Some passengers have a notion that they want to get to their destination alive and without being tied up in splints.

Rhode Island is having an awful time selecting a United States Senator to help Aldrich run things at Washington. Still, Aldrich does not seem to need any help except when he collides with the President.

LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER XX.

Two weeks later.

It was ten o'clock in the evening. Virginia was in her room, about to retire for the night, when Aunt Clarissa entered hurriedly.

"Honey, Marse Marshall am down in de kitchen and wants to see ye," she said. "Thar, don't git skeard, thar's nuffin' wrong wid Marse Royal. And, listen, honey, de Yankees hab been chasin' ob Marse Marshall and dey shot him in de shoulder. But come 'long, he's mighty anxious fo' to see you."

Virginia followed Aunt Clarissa to the kitchen where she found Marshall Boyer, looking ghastly pale, lying upon the settle in front of the fire.

The rigid compression of his lips showed that he was suffering intensely.

Virginia went quickly to him.

"Marshall, what has happened?" she asked. "You are wounded. But do not try to explain yet; the first thing to do is to see to your wound."

"Never mind that now," Marshall exclaimed hurriedly. "Listen, Virginia. I was on my way to the signal station on Massanutten Mountain with a dispatch from General Early. This dispatch only reached him at sunset and it is of vital importance that the news it contains should be signalled from Massanutten on to Winchester. At Tumbling Run Bridge I found that I was being pursued by a squad of Federals. They fired upon me, but I turned off into the river road and escaped them. I tried to push on to Strasburg, but found myself growing so weak and faint that I was obliged to stop here. Virginia, I must send this dispatch to the signal station. Will you let Black Jim take it? I know he's to be trusted and there is no other way."

"Oh, Marshall, I am so sorry, but Jim isn't here," Virginia answered. "Father sent him to Winchester this afternoon and he will not be back until tomorrow evening."

"Then I must go; this dispatch must be delivered," cried Lieutenant Boyer, starting up. But the next moment he fell back with a groan, the cold sweat breaking out on his brow. "It's impossible, I should only fall in my tracks," he murmured. "My God, what's to be done?"

"Calm yourself, Marshall; I will carry the dispatch to the signal station," said Virginia quietly.

"You!" cried Marshall. "Impossible!"

"Hab you gone clean outen yo' hade, chile?" exclaimed Aunt Clarissa.

"Why should I not go?" said Virginia. "It's a very simple and easy thing to do. I know the road up the mountain as well as I know my way along the turnpike to Strasburg. Give me that dispatch, Marshall, and then let mammy attend to your wound."

Slowly and half reluctantly he drew a long envelope from his breast.

"Virginia, I should not permit you to do this," he murmured. "What will your father say?"

"That I acted as the daughter of a brave soldier should," she replied with a smile as she held out her hand for the dispatch. "Now let mammy see to your wound and do not worry. All will be well. Where have you left your horse?"

"At the hitching-post by the stables," he murmured faintly. "God bless and protect you, Virginia."

"Marse Marshall, sholy you ain't gwine to let dat chile do nuffin' lak dat!" cried Aunt Clarissa, but Virginia was out of the room almost before the words were out of her mouth and the remonstrance fell upon deaf ears, for Marshall Boyer had fainted.

Virginia went quickly upstairs to her room and put on a long dark cloak, drawing the hood over her head. A few minutes later she was riding swiftly along the turnpike in the direction of Strasburg. It cost her a pang to urge Marshall's horse for he was pretty well fagged, but she knew that she must lose no time in getting the dispatch to the signal station.

The night was cool and clear. Upon both sides of the turnpike the autumn leaves lay thickly.

"I wonder if the Federals pursued Marshall along the river road," Virginia was thinking. "In that case it will take them longer to reach the foot of the mountain and I may encounter them there. If I can only get there before them. I must urge this horse and try to reach the mountain before the Federals."

She was not long in reaching the town. No one was about, the street was silent and deserted. It seemed to Virginia that the sound of her horse's hoofs on the turnpike was almost startlingly loud. She breathed a long sigh of relief as she turned off from the turnpike into the road leading direct to the foot of the mountain. As she approached the foot of the mountain she drew her horse down to a walk and looked cautiously about her. Then her heart gave a leap, for she heard galloping of horses and knew that the Federals were approaching from the river road. She hesitated a moment, then cut the horse sharply with her whip and dashed up the mountain.

A shout from the Federals told her that she was seen. Glancing back she saw that they had paused at the foot of the mountain. The only construction she could put upon this was that they were uncertain whether or not she was the Confederate soldier they had been pursuing, not being able to understand how he had reached the turnpike when they had seen him turn into the river road.

A moment later she had lost sight of them as she urged her panting horse up the steep mountain road. She slackened her pace, however, as she drew near to Lem Ash's cabin. She could see the white stone at that lonely grave gleaming in the starlit darkness. As she was riding slowly by, thinking sadly of poor Nan, a man stepped suddenly into the road and laid his hand upon her bridle.

"If you move a hand you're a dead man," he said.

As soon as he spoke, Virginia, with a feeling of relief, recognized him as Lem Ash. Before she had time to speak, however, he continued:

"So, Marshall Boyer, you and me meets here on the spot whar you delivered me into the hands of them revenue officers and my little gal gave her life fo' to save mine. It was yo' turn then, it's my turn now. Reckon you're kinder curious as how I happen to be here a-waitin' fo' you. Well, I ain't got no objection to tellin' you. They let me out two years ago and drafted me into the Confederate army. I've been in Early's command for the past two weeks. I've kept out of yo' way, 'cause I didn't want you to know I was around, but I've been a-waitin' fo' my chance. I always intended fo' to git even with you some day. I want that thar dispatch; thar wan't be no signallin' from Massautten tonight. You can tell what story you please to Early when you gits back to camp, if you ever does git back, fo' if you give me any trouble 'bout that thar dispatch I'm a-goin' to kill you. To the top of Massanutten with that dispatch you'll never go, Marshall Boyer."

He paused and lifted the pistol in his hand.

"You are mistaken," said Virginia. "I am not Marshall Boyer."

Ash started.

"Great day! if it ain't a woman!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's a woman," added Virginia. "So will you stand aside and let me go on my way?"

"Not so fast," said Ash, suspiciously. "You ain't a-goin' no further till I knows what yo' business is here on Massanutten."

Virginia reflected for a moment, then she replied:

"Lieutenant Boyer has been wounded by some Federals and I am carrying the dispatch with which he was entrusted to the signal station. Now, please allow me to go on."

Ash gave a harsh laugh.

"Well, I reckon not. That is, not with that thar dispatch. You hand that over to me fust."

"That I shall never do," Virginia answered firmly.

"Well, you air a brave gal," said Ash admiringly. "Who air you, anyway?"

"I am Virginia Fairfax."

"Virginia Fairfax!" repeated Ash, with a sudden change in his voice. "Her as was so good to my little gal?"

"Nan loved me, I am sure," Virginia answered gently. "I come here quite often to put flowers on her grave."

Ash stuck the pistol in his belt and took up a small lantern from the ground which he quickly lighted.

"Let me see you face," he said, holding up the lantern. "Nan told me that Virginia Fairfax had a face like a white lily and ha'r yaller like gold."

Virginia pushed back the hood and as she did so her hair became loosened and fell about her shoulders.

Ash gazed upon her for a few moments in silence.

"I reckon you're Virginia Fairfax right 'nough," he said at length, "fo' thar couldn't be nuther face like your'n in this world."

His hand dropped from the bridle and he stepped back. "You kin go on up the mountain. I couldn't do nothin' ag'in you as war so good to my little gal. I'll find nuther way to git even with him."

"Listen to me for a moment," said Virginia earnestly. "Here at your daughter's grave, I ask you to forgive Marshall Boyer. I ask it in your daughter's name, for I feel sure that that is what she would wish. Marshall Boyer did only what he believed to be his duty, and, even if he has injured you, God has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.' Will you not promise me to forgive Marshall Boyer and to make no further attempt to injure him?"

"I can't make no sich promise as that," Ash answered sullenly. He suddenly paused and stood listening. "Thar's hosses a-comin' up the mountain," he added, extinguishing the lantern as he spoke.

"Oh, I am afraid it's the Federals who were pursuing Marshall," exclaimed Virginia. "I encountered them at the foot of the mountain. What shall I do if they attempt to stop me?"

"I'll see to 'that,'" said Ash. "You sit firm and look out fo' the trees."

He took hold of the bridle a[illegible] horse into the woods at the r[illegible] road. It was intensely dark, [illegible] seemed to find his way instin[illegible] about ten minutes Virginia found [illegible] they were entering a sort of a cave and it flashed upon her that it was the moonshiner's cave for which the revenue officers had searched in vain.

Then Ash spoke for the first time.

"I reckon them Yankees won't be apt to find you in here," he remarked with a grim sort of satisfaction. "Now I'll go back and see what they're goin' to do. You ain't feard to stay here by yo'se'f fo' a little while?"

"No, I am not afraid," replied Virginia.

She heard Ash turn and go away. It seemed a very long time, though it was probably hardly ten minutes that she spent alone in the black darkness of the cave. Several times she had to speak gently to the horse which was restless and uneasy. Virginia drew a long breath of relief when she heard the rustling of the leaves without, and, a moment later, Ash's voice within the cave.

"The coast is clear," he said. "The Yanks have gone back down the mountain. You air one brave, spunky gal, fo' all yo' dainty looks," he went on as he led the horse from the cave.

Neither spoke until they had reached the road, then Virginia leaned forward and held out her hand.

"I thank you for all that you have done for me tonight," she said.

Ash hesitated for a moment, then he took her delicate hand in his great coarse one.

"You ain't got nothin' to thank me fo'," he replied awkwardly. "Thar ain't much that I wouldn't do fo' you 'cause of my little gal."

"Then do as I ask you in regard to Marshall Boyer," pleaded Virginia earnestly.

"Well, I'll think of it," Ash answered. "I can't promise you no mo'n that. Now, you'd better be gittin' 'long up the mountain."

The men of the signal corps were struck with amazement when there rode into their midst a girl, with a face like a pearl and masses of wonderful pale gold hair flowing loose upon her shoulders. It was several moments before the officer of the command recovered himself sufficiently to advance.

Virginia handed him the dispatch with a brief explanation.

"We are greatly indebted to you, Miss Fairfax," he said. "Will you permit me to send two of my men home with you?" he added.

"No, it is unnecessary," Virginia replied with a smile. "I have nothing to fear now that the dispatch is delivered."

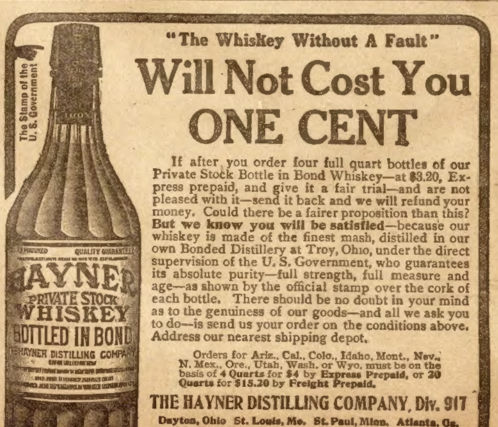
Every man stood uncovered as she turned and rode down the mountain.

"God bless her," said the commanding officer, his voice broken with emotion. "God bless the brave women of the South!"

"Amen to that!" replied a dozen rough voices.

CHAPTER XXI.

For some little time after Virginia's departure Aunt Clarissa had no time to indulge her fears or her indignation. She had first to restore Marshall to consciousness,



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[illegible] Bogguss, 326 W. 61st St., Chicago, [illegible] tried six different physicians and spent six weeks in expensive sanitarium without avail. Cured by Magic Foot Drafts.

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Station 124
Cincinnati, Ohio.

then dress his wound which, though painful, was not serious, the bullet having penetrated only the fleshy part of the shoulder. After the wound was dressed and Marshall had partaken of some brandy, he was able to get upstairs and to bed.

"Now, you jes' go to sleep and you'll be spry 'nough in de mo'nin'," said Aunt Clarissa, as she arranged his pillow more comfortably and tucked the bed clothes about him.

"To sleep would be impossible," replied Marshall. "There'll be no rest or peace for me until Virginia returns in safety."

"I hopes dat de good Lawd gwine to brung dat chile back safe," said Aunt Clarissa with a sigh. "Shall I go wake de massa, Marse Marshall?"

"No; you and I, mammy, will wait and watch alone. Go sit at the window and watch the top of Massanutten. As soon as you see the lights flashing, we will know that the dispatch has been delivered."

Aunt Clarissa went and sat down by the window, turning her dusky face, anxious and troubled, toward the mountain. Lieutenant Boyer lay among his pillows, pale and silent. It was the first time he had been at Fairfax Manor since the day previous to the battle of Fisher's Hill. Royal had been granted leave of absence and had returned to Fairfax Manor with May Langley. When he came back to camp Marshall had said to him:

"Royal, I hardly dare ask you how your father and Virginia feel toward me."

"My father is a soldier and Virginia is a soldier's daughter, Marshall," replied Royal gravely; "they know that you only did your duty."

"But——"

"Let us speak of it no more, Marshall; the subject must always be painful. I want to tell you something about Nathan. In the loft over the shop was found the dress of an Indian and a peculiar sort of a lantern which, when lighted, gave a sort of bluish light."

Marshall smiled grimly.

"So Nathan was the ghost," he remarked quietly.

"So it would appear. Black Jim asserts that Nathan often went away at night always carrying a small bundle. But what do you suppose was his object in playing ghost?"

"I was always under the impression that some one was playing the ghost for a purpose," Marshall replied. "Now I think I understand it all. Nathan was part Indian and had no doubt heard the story of the money supposed to be hidden in the Old Stone House. He went there frequently to search for it, and his object in playing the ghost was to keep persons from living there. He certainly succeeded."

"I believe you have hit upon the correct solution of the ghost mystery," exclaimed Royal. "But what patience, perseverance and dogged determination he must have possessed."

"Those are characteristic of the Indian. See how patiently he waited an opportunity to strike you."

Some time had passed since Aunt Clarissa sat watching at the window. Suddenly she started to her feet with a cry.

"Marse Marshall, dey'se flashin' ob de lights on ole Massanutten," she cried. "God bress dat chile!"

"God bless the bravest girl in all Virginia," murmured Marshall, and in five minutes he was sleeping as quietly as a child.

Aunt Clarissa stole softly from the room, down the stairs and out upon the porch. There she remained listening for the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the turnpike. Crouched down upon the step she waited, motionless, though nearly an hour passed before she heard it. Then she started up, tears of joy running down her cheeks.

"Thank de good Lawd!" she murmured, as she went toward the gates.

"Why, mammy, dear, is that you?" said Virginia, as she rode up.

"Ya'as, honey, it am me. I'se been waitin' and watchin' and prayin' to de good Lawd fo' to brung you 'back safe. Yo' po' ole mammy been worried to deaf."

Virginia slipped from the saddle and hugged Aunt Clarissa.

"How is Marshall?" she asked.

"He am all right, honey. I done dressed his shoulder and put him to bade. He tole me to go sit by de winder and watch fo' de lights on ole Massanutten. Soon as I tole him dey war signallin' he say 'God bress de bravest girl in Virginia,' and den he drap off to sleep. Dat war a bery unreskless thing fo' you to do, honey; warn't no ways fittin'."

"Oh, mammy, dear, I shall always be glad and proud of what I have done tonight."

The next afternoon Lieutenant Boyer insisted upon returning to camp. He had listened to Virginia's account of her experience with Lem Ash with a stern, resentful look upon his face.

"It would have been his life or mine," he remarked briefly when she had finished.

"May, you will have to share your laurels with Virginia now," said Colonel Fairfax to his ward, with a smile.

"Indeed I will," May replied. "Do you think you could find that cave, Virginia?"

Lieutenant Boyer looked up quickly and waited rather eagerly for Virginia to reply.

"No, I do not think that I could," she answered. "And if I could no one should know where to look for it."

When Marshall was about to depart, he turned to Virginia and said:

"General Early shall know who carried that dispatch to the signal corps on Massanutten."

Virginia flushed.

"It's not necessary to tell him, Marshall," she replied. "I would rather you did not."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed May. "Don't you heed what Virginia says, Marshall."

"I am afraid that in this instance I must disregard her wishes," said Marshall with a smile.

CHAPTER XXII.

The middle of October found General Sheridan encamped at Cedar Creek, three miles from Strasburg, while General Early had moved down the valley and taken up his old position at Fisher's Hill. Sheridan had taken advantage of a season of quiet to make a personal inspection of the route to Washington. He left the troops temporarily under command of General Wright.

On the 19th of October Early surprised the Federals at Cedar Creek. The attack was not alone admirably planned but of great daring, as it involved twice fording the Shenandoah River, the waters of which were very rapid. The Federals, fighting with stubbornness and desperation, twice succeeded in repulsing the enemy, but undoubtedly would have been disastrously defeated, save for some strange oversight on the part of the Confederates by which they allowed the enemy three hours' respite in which to reorganize their scattered troops.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens the gray mist which overhung the mountains changed to rose color, and then, like a curtain that is uplifted, it faded away, and mountain, meadow, wooded hill, stream and valley appeared bathed in golden light. There had been a heavy frost during the night which encrusted the grass and the leaves, and when the sun shone forth they were one mass of gorgeous color. But the beauty of that exquisite autumn morning seemed the veriest mockery.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock that Lieutenant Boyer, who had kept gallantly to the front, received a bullet wound in the breast.

He reeled, then slid from his saddle to the side of the turnpike. The blood was gushing from the wound and the sun poured down upon his upturned face. As the minutes passed his suffering grew intense. Suddenly he was conscious of shouts and cheers from the Federals, and, for the first time, his suffering was forgotten. "Were the Federals victorious?" he asked himself. With a great effort he lifted himself upon his elbow. He drew a quick breath through his clenched teeth, for galloping madly down the turnpike he saw a Federal general whom he at once recognized as Sheridan. The latter was accompanied by his staff, and as they drew near Marshall's eyes instinctively sought one face.

"Father!" he cried aloud. "Father!"

With a start Lieutenant-Surgeon Boyer looked down upon the ghastly face, upon which the pitiless sun beat down, and the agonized, imploring eyes. With a shock he recognized his son, wounded, perhaps dying, and for a moment his hand tightened on the bridle. There was a momentary struggle in his breast between the father's love and the soldier's duty, then his hand relaxed the hold on the bridle and the horse leaped forward.

A moment later Sheridan and his staff were lost to view in the gray dust of the turnpike. Marshall fell back, vaguely conscious that all about him there were cheers and shouts of "Sheridan! Sheridan!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

About half an hour later Lem Ash, crossing the field to the turnpike, heard a faint voice murmuring, "Water! water!" and paused to look into the face of a Confederate soldier lying at his feet. The next moment he started back with an oath and the hand, which had gone toward his canteen, fell to his side.

"Lie thar and die, Marshall Boyer!" he muttered.

He was about to turn away when suddenly Virginia Fairfax's fair face rose before him and he seemed to hear again her sweet voice pleading with him to forgive Marshall Boyer because Nan would have wished it. But to forgive and succor in his dire extremity the man who had betrayed him, to forego the revenge for which he had lived the past four years! His breath came laboredly and his strong hands were clenched. No, no, he could not, it was impossible! He would not lift a finger to help the base traitor! Let him die there by the roadside!

"Water! water! for the love of Heaven!"

What was it the girl with the face like an angel had said? "Here, at your daughter's grave, I ask you to forgive Marshall Boyer; I ask it in your daughter's name because I feel sure she would wish it."

"Fo' my little gal's sake," murmured Ash, as he unslung his canteen and knelt down beside Marshall. He was parched with thirst himself, but he lifted Marshall's head, placed the canteen to his lips and quietly watched him drain it to the last drop.

"In His name," murmured Marshall, looking up into Ash's face. "Bless you! Ah, I know you! You're Royal, my dear friend, Royal!"

"You're wrong 'bout that thar," said Ash grimly. "'Tain't yo' dear friend, but the wuss enemy you ever had!"

This dramatic story of war-time days will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free our President Portraits or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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This is my stylish ten-piece Outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mend-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons.
To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.
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DR O. A. JOHNSON, SUITE 338, 1233 GRAND AVE., Kansas City, Mo.
Have you a friend suffering from Cancer? Do them a favor they'll never forget by sending them this ad.

When Bobby Is Scared.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" reprimanded the lady. "Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

"Not on a train," chuckled Bobby; "but it pains me to see him reaching for a strap at home."—Tidbits.

In the Beginning.

'Twas the night before Christmas.

In making his rounds of the garden to see that the animals were in their proper cages Adam discovered a woman.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this must be the first Christmas Eve."

The Lost Suit.

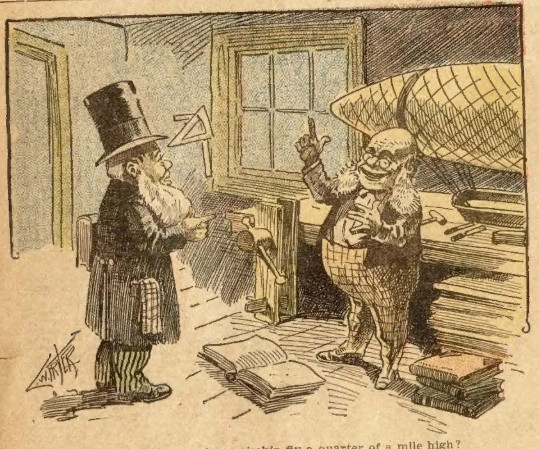
Griggs—Dropped into the courthouse this morning and lost my overcoat there, confound the luck.

Briggs—That's nothing. Last week I lost a whole suit there.

Reflection.

Leading Lady—Did you notice the Johnny in the third box? For one solid hour he gazed intently at my diamonds.

Comedian—Yes. I heard several people commenting on his glassy stare.



Pro. Theorybug—Did your steam airship fly a quarter of a mile high?
Prof. Flitwinger—Yes, some of the pieces flew half a mile high.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"What is a Yankee?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"He's a fellow what yanks everything in sight," answered the boy at the foot.

Small Harry, during his first visit to the country, saw some ducks swimming in a pond.

"Oh, grandma," he exclaimed, "look at the chickens skating on the water!"

Mamma—I'm surprised that you do not want to go to school, Tommy. Aren't you fond of your teacher?

Tommy—Yes, mamma. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know.

Small Johnny (after the slipper exercise)—I'm glad I ain't a girl.

Mamma—Why?

Small Johnny—'Cause I'd be ashamed to grow up into a woman and punish little boys like me.

Teacher—If any little girl knows the answer, let her hold up her hand. Well, Nettie, what is it?

Nettie (aged 6)—I don't know.

Teacher—Then why did you hold up your hand?

Nettie—I couldn't help it. I just had to show the new ring I got for Christmas.

To Make Them Forget.

"Girls," said the manager of the quick-lunch joint, "I want you to look your best today. Add an extra ribbon or ring. Give your cheeks an extra dab of powder."

"What's the matter?" said Marie, the fair head waitress. "Butter bad again?"

"No," said the manager; "the beef's on the bum."

Ahead of the Game.

"There is a far-away look in your eyes," said the sentimental youth, "that leads me to believe you have loved and lost."

"I may have loved," rejoined the fair grass widow, "but I didn't lose. The jury awarded me $50,000 alimony."

Familiar Story.

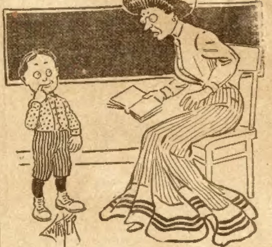
Her Husband—Why is it that you are always wanting money?

His Wife—I suppose it is because I never get any.

Two Bad Storms.

Mr. Winkers—I hear you have had two very bad thunder storms lately in your town.

Old Friend—Yes; the first one struck a church, but no one was hurt. You see, the weather looked a little threatening that Sunday, and there wasn't anybody there. But the second storm blew over a circus tent and killed sixteen deacons and four preachers.



Sunday School Teacher—Jimmy, what is the chief end of man?

Jimmy (very promptly)—The end with the head on.

Just a Suggestion.

"Here's an inquiry from a man signed 'Benedict,' who wants to know how to prevent baldness," said the answers-to-correspondents editor.

"Tell him to get a divorce," suggested the horse reporter.

No Chance for an Argument.

"Speaking of idle curiosity," said the typewriter boarder, "men have more of it than women."

"Naturally," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor. "The curiosity of women is anything but idle; it works overtime."

Proper Material.

Jack—When I marry I hope to be able to feather my nest.

Tom—What do you expect to feather it with?

Jack—Cash down.

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Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

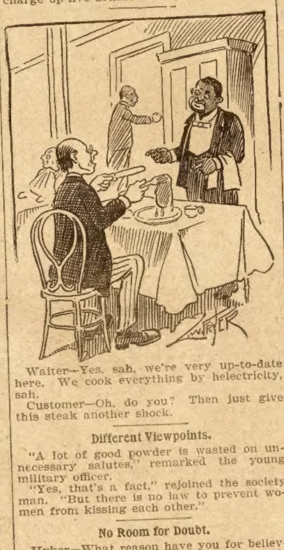
Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along with it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off this hour-wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.



Waiter—Yes, sah, we're very up-to-date here. We cook everything by helectricity, sah.

Customer—Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock.

Different Viewpoints.

"A lot of good powder is wasted on unnecessary salutes," remarked the young military officer.

"Yes, that's a fact," rejoined the society woman. "But there is no law to prevent women from kissing each other."

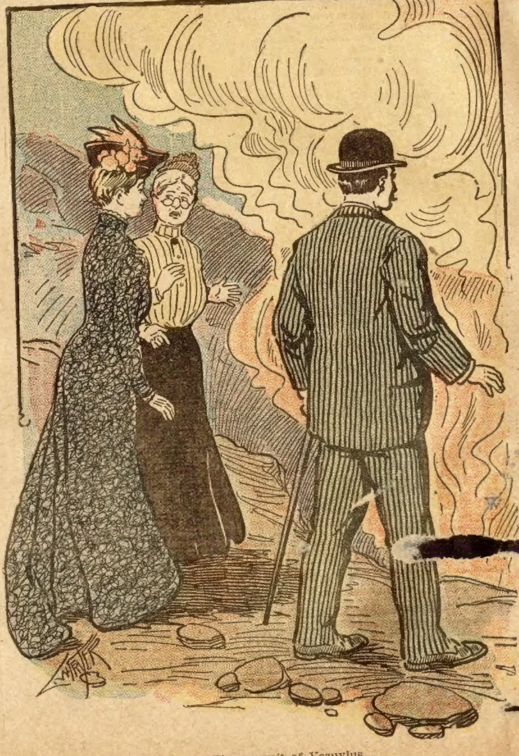
No Room for Doubt.

Hyker—What reason have you for believing that young De Smith is leading a double life?

Pyker—The best in the world. I was one of the witnesses to his marriage.

Alas! The Poor Women.

Man wants but little here below,
Because he's too polite
To interfere when women go
For everything in sight.



Scene—The summit of Vesuvius.
American Tourist (to the world at large)—Great snakes, it reminds me of hell!
English Tourist—My dear, how these Americans do travel!

J°LLITY

THE WHOLE FAMILY

Mother Finds a Food for Grown-ups and Children as Well.

Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.

Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptics.

A Phila. lady, after being benefited herself, persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:

"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on I had to be very careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.

"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.

"My husband was also in a bad condition—his stomach became so weak that he could eat hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.

"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and more healthy children cannot be found." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

His Modest Request.

Judge—The jury having found you guilty it is my painful duty to sentence you to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Prisoner—Excuse me, your honor, but won't you oblige me by making it a life sentence instead?"

Judge (astonished)—Why do you prefer a life sentence?

Prisoner—Well, my physician says I'll probably not live more than a year and if I don't it will save me nine years. See?

Laides, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Easily Arranged.

Swiggs—My wife and I both had severe colds at the same time, and the doctor prescribed quinine and whisky, but my wife couldn't swallow the whisky.

Briggs—What did you do about it??

Swiggs—Oh, I gave her the quinine and took the whisky myself.

He Took Her Umbrella.

But it didn't rain. He would have known if he'd had a Dainty Maid Color Barometer which accurately foretells the weather. A great seller for agents, a good premium and a pretty gift. Postpaid to any address on receipt of price, 10c. W. P. Randolph & Co., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Luxury, Indeed.

Sam Sunflower—Dat Misteh Burbanks out [illegible] Californy am a great man, pard. He kin [illegible] a sweet 'tateh on a white 'tateh.

[illegible] Persimmon—Golly! What a great [illegible] would be if he could graft a sweet 'tater [illegible] a possum!

HO[illegible] TO CURE CANCER

In from 10 to 20 days by my new home treatment, mailed to all sending address to DR. G. M. CURRY, 1462 CURRY [illegible], LEBANON, OHIO. I refer to [illegible]anon.

Real Monopoly.

The lone bandit was holding up a railway train.

"It's better than being president of the road," he chortled. "I don't have to divide any of the swag with influential politicians."

By way of rebate, however, he returned cheap watches to their owners.

Helped Make Him Good.

"[illegible] our courtship," said Mrs. Weeds, "[illegible] declared he would die for me and he did."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised friend.

"Yes," continued the fair widow. "I did the cooking myself and he died of indigestion."

Old Adage Comes Up.

Creditor (angrily)—Say, when are you going to pay the $50 you owe me?

Debtor (calmly)—That query reminds me of the old adage.

Creditor—What old adage?

Debtor—The one about a fool's ability to ask questions that a wise man is unable to answer.

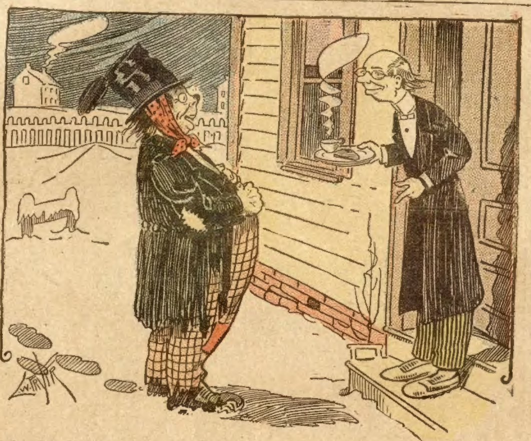
Long Distance.

"Where are you going, old chap?" asked the first youth.

"Going to send Myrtilla a kiss through the telephone," replied the second youth.

"Why, you are slow. Don't you know a kiss through the telephone loses its flavor?"

"Just why I am using the telephone, old man. I have been eating onions."



Mr. Goodman—Don't you sometimes miss the pleasant heat and comfort of living indoors?

The Tramp—Oh, yes. But a man can't stay in jail all the time.

Good Housekeeping.

Gyer—That spinster aunt of mine is certainly the limit.

Myer—How's that?

Gyer—I presented her with a loud ticking clock recently and she sprinkled the works with insect powder.

Myer—What did she do that for?

Gyer—To get rid of the ticks.

Magnetic.

Jack—So you love that Miss Stunner?

Dick—Desperately! Do you think she would stick by me if I should pin my faith to her?

Jack—Most undoubtedly, if you used diamond pins.

Bittersweet.

"Parting, you know, is sweet sorrow."

"Guess, you never had a quinine capsule part just after you put it in your mouth, did you?"

Perpetual Motion.

As the man with the small black case passed down the avenue he was hailed by an excited individual who was leaning from an upper story window.

"Come up here at once!" shouted the chap above. "I want you to attend my wife."

"But, my dear sir," replied the man with the black case under his arm, "I am not a doctor. I go around fixing machines."

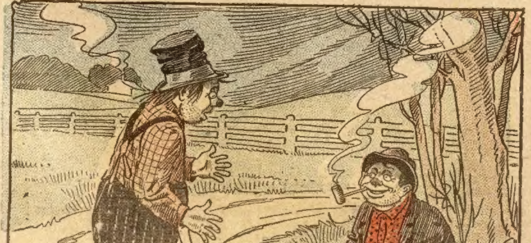
"Well that is just why I called you. My wife has been talking continuously for five hours and I want to see if you can stop her."

No Proof Wanted.

Muggins—Old Biffkins called me a liar today.

Wiggins—Well, why didn't you make him prove it?

Muggins—Huh! That would have only made matters worse.



Pleasant Pete—Yes, when I told the conductor I always traveled on me face he held me by me feet and let me drag me face along de ties.

Sandy Pikes—Great Hoboken, pard, and yer still have de cheek to smile?

Pleasant Pete—Sure; it might have been worse. Suppose I had been two-faced.

Most Unkind.

Edyth—Oh, dear! I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday.

Mayme—Why, did something unpleasant happen?

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. *No "Bonfire" to start it.*

Lights like a flash with ¼ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.*

Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door.

No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868. *You can't afford* to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price on specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today*. Hear by return mail. *Then* order if you *want* to. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Navasota, Tex.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Combs, Brushes, and other Fast Sellers. Samples Free to Good Agents. Dr. C. L. HULL, 1491 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box P18, DANVILLE, Va.

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, put out samples, etc. Salary $21.00 weekly. Expense money advanced. Dept. L 2, The Columbia House, Chicago

$15 TO $30 weekly paid men and women to travel, advertise and leave samples. No risk; supplies free; expenses advanced. SILVERTON COMPANY, Dept. G. B. 5, Chicago

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. *Expenses advanced.* A. DAREL CO., PARSONS, Kansas.

$80 A MONTH Expenses advanced. District managers, men and women, to travel and leave samples at stores. Address PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., Dept. G, 20 Plymouth Place, CHICAGO

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS Catches two fish to common hooks one. Fish are caught by even touching bait. Write today for our one hook free offer. Agents wanted. Hawk Specialty Co., Dept. 40, Des Moines, Ia.

$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. G. R. BIGLER CO., X438, Springfield, Ill.

SEAMLESS ROASTER Retains all juices and flavors; renews youth of toughest fowls. Requires no water or attention. Send for our Free Agents Outfit, Dept. AL, Household Novelty Works, 25 Randolph St., Chicago

FREE THIS AIR RIFLE SENT ALL PREPAID to any boy for selling 20 of our beautiful 10c. scarf-pins New Eng. Supply Co Dept 21 Attleboro, Mass.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Fireman	Passenger Brakeman	Letter Carrier
Electrician	Electric Motorman	Locomotive Engineering
Porter	Railway Mail Clerk	

Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Name position for sample lesson. INTER RY. CORR. INST. Dept. A, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Made-To-Order Suits and Pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory.
Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED

in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address
Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States with rig or capable of handling horses, to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards in all conspicuous places, and distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3.00 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada.

KUT-TRUE GUAGE SHEAR and SKIRT MARKER enables any woman to mark and cut short or train skirts, straight or bias folds, etc., correcting figure defects and assuring perfect hanging skirts. Brass and steel, nickled and polished. Lasts a life-time. Guage detachable from shears instantly. Both articles (7-inch shears) postpaid, with 2 colors French chalk, $1. Money back if wanted. Lady agents make $5 up daily. Order to day. GEROWE MFG. CO. 603 Lawrence Bldg., New York.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

AGENTS Need no Money to go into the Picture Business. Everything furnished FREE, including a big expensive Set of Samples. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c and all art goods at Lowest Prices. 30 Days Credit to agents. Many poor but honest men clear from $1,200 to $3,000 a year under our Plan, fully explained in big Catalogue now ready. We start you in the Picture Business with everything needed. Why Not Try at our expense? CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 290-338 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.

$8.85 Dresses Any Man

WITH A Stylish SPRING and SUMMER SUIT
SPRING RAINCOAT
Extra Pair of TROUSERS
Handsome FANCY VEST
or YOUR LIFE INSURED
Against Accident
WITH WEEKLY BENEFIT
FREE
by The General Accident Assurance Co., Ltd. of Philadelphia.
Cash Assets $250,000.00

Suits made-to-measure by experienced tailors—durably trimmed—equal to any tailor's $18.00 suit for $8.85. Either a Spring and Summer rain proof Overcoat—a pair of extra Trousers like suit or fancy pattern—a handsome fancy Vest or your life insured for $1,000 for loss of life, and a weekly benefit if injured, in a reliable accident assurance Co. FREE. There is no chance taken dealing with us—we have a reputation that backs our guarantee of a perfect fit and satisfaction. If you don't like the goods—don't take them. Just send us your name and address and we will send you FREE samples of our Spring and Summer cloth, measurement blank, tape line and a copy of insurance policy. Send no money, but write today to America's Foremost Tailors.

MARKS & LEE CO., Inc. Tailors to the Consumer
202-204 Market Street, Dept. 104, CHICAGO, ILL.

$300 Genuine Confederate Money for $1; $100 for 50c. Robert L. Maxwell, South Bend, Indiana

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GREENBACKS $100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 10c Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of $100 for 10c; $300 for 25c. S. DRAKE, Dept. 224, 539 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

A SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your poems. Cash or Royalty for available manuscript. WAINWRIGHT MUSIC CO., 78-73 Evergreen av., CHICAGO

KIDNEY DISEASES CURED BY MY NEW SYSTEM. Examination, Opinion and Book Free. Dr. J. F. Shafer, Kidney Specialist, 4 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE "RETROSCOPE" latest novelty, see what others do without their knowing. Lots of fun. To introduce our goods, will send one and catalogue latest novelties for only five stamps. B.W.Hall Co., Bx.1598, Philadelphia

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HEAVEN AND HELL,
a 400 page book by Swedenborg containing authoritative statements concerning the Life Hereafter. Regular price, 10 cents, add 4 cents postage. Address WESTERN NEW-CHURCH UNION, 502 Masonic Temple, Chicago

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X-RAY WONDER Everybody wants this great curiosity. **10c** With it you can apparently see the bones through your flesh, the lead in a pencil, or through your clothes; makes everything seem transparent; lots of fun. Postpaid 10c, 3 for 25c. FREE with each order the Prize Fight & Kissing Scene moving pictures. C. Armstrong, Sta. C. 50, Chicago

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16 COMIC POST CARDS FREE
Funniest colored cards ever printed, all new, no two alike, and every one a corker. Full set of 16 cards sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of pretty and comic post cards FREE from all over the world. DRAKE CARD CO., Dept. 215, 539 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

THIS KNIFE FREE
It has 2½ inch blade. Send us the name of 5 boys and we will send you this knife and our catalog of novelties for your trouble. Enclose 10c to pay postage. O'Connell-Gruss H 295 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago.

ASTHMA CURED BEFORE YOU PAY.
I will send by express to any sufferer a bottle of Lane's Asthma Cure. If it cures send me $1; if it does not, don't. Give express office. Address D. J. LANE, Dept. B. W., St. Marys, Kas.

UNIFORMS
Band, Mail Carriers, Firemen, Baseball—all kinds, Regalia for every society. Flags, Banners, Badges, etc. Catalogs free—state kind wanted. THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO., 642 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

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MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Opium and all drug habits. Painless, Permanent Home Cure. Nervous and physical systems fully restored to their normal condition. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—48 Van Buren St., Chicago.

McGINTY WATCH
Greatest fun maker out. Looks like a regular watch. Plated hunting case with chain. When asked the time you can paralyze your friends by pressing the clasp and "Up jumps McGinty from the bottom of the sea," right in their face. Everybody has to laugh. Sample 10c, 3 for 25c, 12 for 75c, postage paid. UNITED SPECIALTY CO., 94 Dearborn St., Dept. 92, Chicago

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R. R. Agency Work and Type-writing
Largest System of Telegraph Schools in America. Endorsed by Railroad Officials. Operators always in demand. We secure positions for our graduates. Students can enter any time.
MAIN LINE RAILROAD WIRE IN SCHOOL.
Write for free illustrated catalogue, terms, etc.
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Cancer Cured. No Knife, No Pain.
People I have cured of cancer prove the astonishing results of my treatment. Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., writes: "It is only a question of time—I must die." Doctors said "no hope." My new method was used and today Mr. Keagan's cancer of the throat is healed and he is well. I have made wonderful cures without pain, operation, sticky balms, oils or plasters. My treatment is clean and wholesome. It gives instant relief from the smarting, itching and terrible burning pain, destroys the offensive odor and has cured cases given up by the family physician and specialists. If you have cancer or have a friend who has cancer, write me today. Full information, proofs, and advice given without charge. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 2655 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.

MEN WANTED FOR ALL RAILROADS
The demand for our Firemen and Brakemen graduates is greater than we can supply. If you want to earn $75 to $185 a month, fit yourself for a position at once. We teach you by mail and assist you to a position when competent. Course is practical, easy to learn, endorsed by railroad managers and school is conducted by railroad officials. Hundreds of positions open. Catalog free. The Wenthe Railway Correspondence School, Box 619 Freeport, Ill.

THE THIRD WOMAN;

OR

The Mysteries of Stanley House.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

In another instant I was free and both Veda and the giver of the blow were gone.

I reeled from the spot of attack, thinking instantly of the black-handled Indian dagger I had found in the grove at Stanley House. The pain, though sharp and severe, did not deprive me of consciousness and with every sense at its utmost tension, I rallied and started in pursuit.

But I lost my quarry.

What had become of Veda and the would-be-murderer I did not know, and in a short time I was obliged to give up the chase.

Fortunately the blows had not favored the villain, for upon examination I discovered that I had been merely pricked, nothing more; my clothing had saved my life and, as I drew a breath of relief, I resolved anew to go to the bottom of this strange mystery if it cost me my life.

But I had seen Veda.

Half an hour later I was on the street again and back to the Alhambra.

Ram Boni had finished his parts and I strolled into the wine room in hopes of getting a look at the little black demon.

My persistence, however, was not rewarded, and after a little time spent there I went away.

Suddenly I caught sight of a familiar figure in front of me and with a start I recognized the Indian juggler.

In another second I had become his shadow and when he stopped and hailed a hansom, I did the same, telling the driver to keep the juggler's hansom in sight, and he would earn a double fare.

It was now a race over the stones of London on wheels and as I lay back in the vehicle I formulated my plans.

On, on we went, now at breakneck speed and now at little slower and at last I heard the voice of my cabby.

"The hansom has stopped, sir," he said.

I looked out.

Sure enough, the other cab had pulled up to the sidewalk in front of a three-story house, and I saw a little man alight.

At last I had run the little rascal down.

I saw Ram Boni enter the house and gave my cabby directions to drive off half a block, where I left the vehicle and turned back.

I hurried to the house and pulled the bell.

The door was opened and I looked into the face of a tallish girl who eyed me with some curiosity.

"What is it, sir?"

"I would see Ram Boni, the juggler."

"'E is not to be disturbed, sir."

"But I must see him. It is important."

The maid hesitated and I slipped past her into the hallway.

"Which room is his?" I demanded.

"But I said——"

"Yes, I understand what you said. Is he on the second floor?"

"Yes, sir; second room to the right."

I bounded up the steps and found myself in a long corridor with my eyes out for the second door.

Now I would have it out with this little atom of blackness, the active member, as I doubted not, of the Cobra League.

I rapped at the door and heard a slight movement beyond, as of some one walking in easy shoes.

"Who's there?" said a voice from within, in fairly good English.

"One who would see Ram Boni," said I.

A lock clicked and the door opened. In another second I was in the room.

Face to face with Ram Boni, the mystifier, in the light of his own private quarters, I stood looking into the cruel depths of his glittering orbs and seeing there astonishment and vengeance.

He had thrown off his outer garments and stood in the middle of the room with his eyes riveted upon me and his lithe, tigerish little body revealed to excellent advantage.

"You?" he said, the first to speak. "I did not send for you, sahib."

"No, but I have come."

"So I see, sahib. What is it that you want with Ram Boni at this hour?"

"The truth!" cried I. "I want the truth and I shall not quit this chamber without it."

It seemed to me that the black eyes laughed. He shrugged his shoulders with impatience and looked me over from head to foot. What a cunning little devil he was!

"I know you not, sahib, and, since I have not sent for you," he said, "I cannot give you audience."

"But you must! you shall!" I exclaimed. "I am Doctor Clarence Darrell, physician to Sir George Stanley——"

"Oh!" laughed the sensual lips of the Hindu. "You are a great man, sahib."

"No compliments if you please. We will dispense with them for the present. Let us settle down to business."

"But I have no business with you, sahib."

Irritated beyond endurance and determined to force the Hindu into an interview, I quietly drew my Wexton and held it in my hand.

"You will give me audience or die where you stand!" said I with grim determination.

He shuffled a little from me, but not for a single moment did the malignant orbs quit me.

"What is it, sahib?" he asked, as if he had yielded.

The question that was on my lips shot straight at him like an arrow at its mark.

"What has become of Sir George?"

He laughed and ran his hand over his forehead.

"It is strange that you ask me such a question, sahib," said he. "Why should I know?"

"Because you belong to the Cobra League, if you are not actually the head of it. It is because you have secret meetings with Jelkins, the maid at Stanley House, because you know that the puff-ball was thrown against the window of my laboratory and the little black god placed mysteriously in my room. It is because you have Veda Garragh in your power. Do you want more reasons?"

"Truly, sahib, you are profuse," and he bowed with mock courtesy.

"It is my determination that makes me so. What have you to say to the indictments?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing?" cried I as I advanced a step, the weapon quivering in my hand. "Nothing, you villain in ebony? Come, this is no comedy. I want the truth."

"And what if Ram Boni declines to give it?"

"Then the management of the Alhambra will have to look elsewhere for another juggler!"

Never will I forget the look that came to the Hindu's eyes. It seemed to fascinate me like the strange powers of the serpents of his accursed land. I felt a singular weakness stealing over me as I looked into those mysterious orbs. Was I falling into his hands? Would I become the victim of this black hypnotist and would London know Doctor Clarence Darrell no more, forever?

These thoughts flitted through my brain, but only for an instant. I was succumbing to the mysterious power of Ram Boni.

Suddenly he appeared to glide closer to me. I saw his hand move mysteriously before his dark face. I could not move. Try as I might, I could not shake off the spell that was slowly enveloping me, nerve by nerve and breath by breath.

All at once, something shot up in his hand. It was a vivid flash of light, a puff of smoke preceding it; a subtle fragrance pervaded the room and I seemed to sink to the floor, all strength completely gone.

One more effort I made. It ended in the demoniac laugh of the Hindu and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COBRA LEAGUE'S FAIR VICTIM.

The last thing I remember seeing was the figure of Ram Boni grown to hideous and grotesque proportions. It danced before my eyes before oblivion came and his glittering orbs seemed to eat their way into my very vitals.

When I came out of that terrible darkness I found myself on a little street which was quite unfamiliar.

For some moments I was lost as though I stood in a vast wood, but by and by I discovered my whereabouts and knew that I stood in Harkness Lane, one of the most disreputable of the many such thoroughfares of London.

How I had reached that spot I did not know. It was a mystery as dark as the disappearance of Sir George.

Getting out of the place was not difficult. My bones ached and there was a strange, almost overpowering, buzzing in my head.

But get out I did after some little time, and hailed another cab.

It set me down in a better quarter of the city and I hastened to Detective Price's rooms, but found him out.

What had become of Veda I did not know.

Barred from Stanley House by the mandate issued by Muriel, I dared not go thither. So I went to the little lodgings I had occupied up to my settling down with my lost patient and sought the rest I needed.

It was not until the full morning of the next day that I wakened and then I still had some of the effects of the last adventure to keep me company. I wondered why the Cobra League had not taken my life after I had fallen into the power of Ram Boni. Why had they not put me out of their way, for the accursed juggler knew that I would be a thorn in his side so long as I had power to work.

That afternoon I stood on a corner watching idly for the time the surging crowd of humanity that hurried by. I had seen it before, but I had a hope that I would catch sight of a face that would lead me to the goal most to be obtained.

Suddenly I started, for there passed me a face I knew so well.

It was the face of Veda Garragh!

In an instant I was in hot pursuit, and though the girl gave me a lively chase, I caught up with her and felt her start as my hand closed on her arm.

"My God!" she exclaimed as her face went white the moment I laid hands on her.

"'Tis I, and out of the clutches of the League again," said I with a reassuring smile.

"Don't be seen with me, please, not if you value your life."

"Then lead me somewhere. I will drop behind. The sharpest eyes shall not know that I am following you."

She smiled faintly at this and hurried on again.

In the course of a few minutes she glided into a certain house and I entered soon after.

Veda was waiting for me in the hall.

"This way," she said with a look upstairs. "It is the only place and you may not be safe even here."

The reader may imagine with what eagerness I followed her up the steps and she

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led me into a little room plainly furnished and locked the door behind her.

"You have escaped the League, you say?" she asked, turning up me. "Tell me how."

I did so, narrating my adventure with Ram Boni to which Veda listened with breathless interest.

"You were fortunate," she said at the conclusion of my story. "I do not know why they spared your life. You are doomed under the laws of the Cobra League."

"It really exists, then?"

"Yes."

"And you are in its coils?"

She shuddered when she spoke again.

"Yes," said she. "I am in the coils of the Cobra League."

"Then," said I, "you know some of its secrets."

"As many as I am permitted to know."

"Tell me then of Sir George. Is he alive or dead?"

"He is alive."

"And where?"

"In the power of the League."

"In Stanley House?"

"Somewhere."

"Tell me if Miss Muriel is in the plot."

"What makes you suspect her?"

What could I answer than [illegible] Price's suspicions, and I felt ashamed [illegible] I [illegible]ed them.

"All this is so terrible," [illegible] Veda [illegible]. "I have been a [illegible] could I do?"

"The League kills those who betray it."

"Yes. Sir George——"

She paused, and passing her hands across her face seemed to stagger away.

"They sent you to Stanley House for a purpose. You came into my being on the pain of death?"

"Come. Don't question me too far," cried the Third Woman. "I can not tell you all. I fell into the hands of the Cobra League a long time ago. You know nothing about its ramifications. You cannot know since you have not been to India and passed the portals of its secret temples."

"I ask you not for the secret," I said. "Don't tell me anything that I shouldn't know. But let me wrest Sir George [illegible] from the grip of this terrible order——"

"Which you cannot do. His doom is decreed. The poison of the cobra is in his veins."

"Who put it there?"

Again her fair face went as white as ashes and she seemed to catch her breath like one in the hands of a strangler.

"I was trying, as you may know, to find the antidote through the cobra itself," I went on. "But you came between me and the reptile. You killed the hooded snake—"

"God help me! I killed it."

"But why? Why?"

"I dare not tell you," and she waved me off. "Let that be my secret for the love of Heaven."

"It shall be your secret, Veda," said I. "You shall have that much from my hands. But the fate of Sir George weighs upon me. He was, and if living, is still my patient."

Veda Garragh went to the window and quietly drawing the curtains slightly aside looked down into the street.

"I thought so!" she [illegible] me. "I have been [illegible] is down there!"

I would have flown to the window and looked for myself, but the girl clutched my arm and pulled me back.

"No! no! You must go. I can die but once and, having broken my terrible oath I must submit to the punishment."

Her lips came together with emphasis and I looked at her, yearning to take her in my arms and tell her that so long as I lived she would have one friend between her and the vengeance of the Cobra League.

"You must go, but whither?" and she looked excitedly around. "I would save you from the grip of the League and, as for myself, let the foolish woman take her fate as she has deserved it."

"It shall not be!"

She started back from the imploring arms I put out, and reeled across the room.

"You must go! There is a back stairway," she cried. "You must go and at once. I will listen to nothing else. God pity the poor thing that is like a moth in the flame of this terrible death."

She grasped my wrist. Her hand was as cold as ice. She dragged me across the room, opened the door and pointed to a back stairway that was visible in the shadows.

"Quick! Quick!" she cried at my ear. "I can meet the League. If you think anything of me you will go!"

I was pushed half-way down the flight and when I paused, and looked back the face of the woman I loved had vanished.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT DETECTIVE PRICE SAW.

That Veda Garragh was in the power of the Cobra League in some mysterious manner I had suspected for some time, and when she confessed as much and sent me from her presence, saying that she was the moth in the flame of death and that if I valued life I would flee, I felt the terrible truth.

It was useless for me to conjecture how she had fallen into the hands of this strange order, therefore I did not try, hoping that in the future I would hear the truth from her lips.

The next day I spent in attempts to find Detective Price and at last I was successful.

Towards evening I found the detective in his room, and my eager countenance told him what I wanted to know.

Price was a cool headed individual, who never let any one into his secrets and I knew it would be useless to attempt to enter the forbidden door until he had opened it.

After some little time of irritating silence he quietly lit his pipe and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "and have you found Sir George?"

I told him I had not.

"I have done a little better."

I started and uttered a little cry.

"You have found him? Tell me."

"I did not say that I had found him," [illegible] said. "Sir George is not beyond our reach."

"Then you know——"

"To know is my business, eh?" and he laughed. "Your distinguished patient, Doctor, has completely recovered."

In an instant I was on my feet and I must have looked like a madman, for Price threw up his hands as if to [illegible].

"I was at Stanley House last night," he continued. "It's a quaint old place and I don't wonder that old Sir George felt like shutting himself up within its walls. It was built by his great-grandfather and in its time has housed a good many celebrated people."

All this was not interesting to me. What cared I who had built the old house in Waterloo Road? What I wanted to know was its mystery—the vanishment of Sir George.

"Sir George," said Price, "is quite able to walk."

"Why, he couldn't walk a step when carried away."

"Of course," smiled the detective, "he isn't as nimble as you and I, but he walks quite good. Last night he was strolling about the grounds——"

"But you have just said that you hadn't actually found him."

"Well, I stick to my first report. You remember giving me the exact measurement of Sir George's shoes?"

"Yes."

"You see our profession go a good deal on foot-tracks. If you were to examine the walk back of the east [illegible] House you might find [illegible] they were made by Sir George's shoes."

"That is something, but still it is not conclusive," said I.

"Not wholly so. I managed to get beyond the doors of the old mansion yesterday and found a pair of Sir [illegible]. They are peculiarly hobnailed after a [illegible] of his and don't you know th[illegible] the walk show the marks of the[illegible]."

"It is very strange. But didn't you extend your observations any farther?"

"A little farther," smiled Price. "I went so far as to play burglar. I got into the house by a back window and, thanks to the plan you obtained from Balky the Rat, I looked it over. Of course I didn't disturb anything in the laboratory. I listened to Miss Muriel at the piano in the lower parlor, then I took a little spy upstairs and ran nearly against your friend Jelkins."

"The little maid?"

"Yes and she's a daisy," laughed the detective. "Jelkins must be as strong as a lion."

"She is. I pity the poor wretch who ever gets into her clutches. She's a big monster."

"[illegible]," and Price put his hand into an inner pocket. "Did you ever see anything like this?"

He produced an object which looked at first sight like a black ivory ball [illegible] and [illegible] it to me.

"You found this in the [illegible]," said I suddenly looking up.

"Yes. The delectable Jelkins was looking for something in the corridor and at last gave up in despair. A moment later I found that queer thing."

"It looks like one of the little balls I have seen Ram Boni handle at the Alhambra."

"But look here," and Price took the ball from my hand. "It is a trick ball, sure enough."

He poured out upon the table several little cotton-like balls and then looked up at me.

"The infernal exploding puff-balls," cried I, shrinking back as I recalled the one which had adhered to my window to [illegible] in my hand in the laboratory.

"But are you sure?" he asked quizzically.

"Quite so. Hold one of them in your hand till it is [illegible]."

"No, we'll try [illegible]," [illegible] he struck a match and [illegible] the cotton ball on the table.

We drew off and watched with [illegible] interest. Suddenly there was an explosion, a bright flare of light and we nearly fell off our chairs.

"I told you so!" I cried.

"What in the name of Heaven was Jelkins looking for that sort of thing for?" [illegible] Price.

"She may have lost it."

"Either she or Ram Boni."

"True. But I saw more than this in Stanley House last night," he resumed. "You will not believe."

"I'm almost ready to believe anything."

"While I was in that upper corridor the music suddenly ceased below and footsteps came up the stairs. I drew back into the deep shadows at one end of the hall and saw Muriel Vascon appear at the head of the flight. She was alone and had a white face as I could see by the moonlight. She looked carefully about her and then slipped down the corridor, stopped where there is no door, threw out her hand, pressed the wall and vanished."

"The sliding panel, the secret door!" I exclaimed, astounded. "Why Brewster and I sounded every inch of those walls."

"But not the right spot evidently," replied Price. "Anyhow Miss Vascon vanished just the same."

I was dumfounded and not a little chagrined.

"What did you do?" I asked when I had pulled myself together. "You looked for the button, of course?"

"Yes, in a [illegible]. But I did not care to be too fresh just then."

"But you waited for the reappearance of Muriel?"

"Waited till I got tired of the uncanniness of the place, for you must know that that corridor is a very ghostly place. At last it was verging on toward morning. I suddenly saw Muriel in the hall again and she went downstairs."

"And you?"

"I waited till I thought she was well out of the way, then I slipped to the head of the stair and saw standing down below me in the light of the swinging globe as evil a looking Hindu as you ever laid your eyes upon."

"One of the Cobra League!" cried I.

"I can't say, for I haven't met any of those gentlemen as yet. I watched the Indian for a little while, or until Muriel came out of a room and handed the rascal something. He [illegible] almost to the carpet, made a few strange passes with his dark little hands and betook himself off."

"It only grows deeper, the mystery does," said I. "What connection has Muriel with these black skulking tigers of India?"

"We're going to find that out, Doc," replied Price, quietly relighting his pipe. "[illegible] quite an adventure, eh?" and he [illegible]. "I don't wonder that Muriel Vascon dispensed with your services at Stanley House."

The conclusion of this startling story of pitfalls and dangerous places will appear in next week's Ledger. Subscribers are requested to note the Ledger's special offer of Free National Pictures; also any six of our stylish and valuable patterns. These fine premiums are shown on pages thirteen and fifteen of this issue. Don't miss them.

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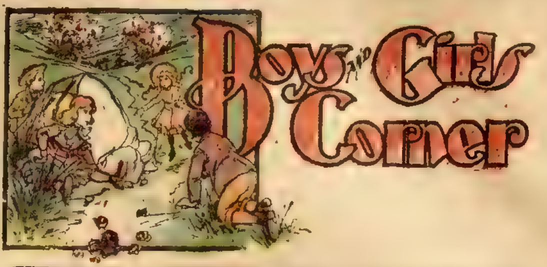

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CHAPTER III.

ROY PROTECTS MAY MULLEN.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The three fired perhaps half a dozen shots, and then the robbers opened fire, and the bullets came whistling along and thudded into the end of the car.

"Sit down," said the messenger; "you won't be in such danger of being hit."

The three dropped to a sitting posture, and kept on firing as rapidly as they could pull trigger.

Then there came the rattle of pistol-shots from the outside of the car, followed by wild yells, and the train-robbers ceased trying to enter the car and leaped to the ground and dashed away into the night, leaving three of their number behind, two dead and one seriously wounded.

The passengers had mustered up courage, and a number had made an attack on the robbers at just the right moment, putting them to flight.

The two dead, and the one wounded robber were carried into the express car, and then the conductor gave the order, and the engineer pulled out.

On dashed the train, as swiftly as the winding, twisting nature of the road would permit, and Roy and Joe assisted the express messenger to get things righted in the car, and to make a barricade, closing up the doorway.

Neither of the three had been hit by the train-robbers' bullets, fortunately, and they were in very good spirits, for it was their spirited defense that had caused the defeat of the robbers, and that had saved many thousands of dollars to the express company.

"I am much obliged to you boys," said McGowen; "but for you, I should have been unable to stand the villains off."

"You are welcome to all that we did," said Roy.

"Sure you are, Mack!" from Joe.

"Well, I am going to let the company know about you boys, and if you don't get something in token of its appreciation, then I shall be greatly fooled."

"Oh, that's all right, Mack," said Joe. "Don't say a word to the company about us. It was you we were helping, not the company."

"That's it," nodded Roy. "We know and like you, and we came to your assistance on that account."

"That's all right," [illegible] a smile, "but you helped to save thousands of dollars to the express company, and they ought to know that, and they ought to show some appreciation of it, too, by giving you some token."

"Your thanks is all we care for," said Roy.

"Sure, Mack," said Joe.

McGowen laughed, but said no more about the company; he was determined, however, to tell the officers all about the two boys and what a brave fight they had made, in assisting him to stand the robbers off.

"And the company'll do something handsome by them, too, I feel certain," was his thought.

They were not long in reaching Canon City, and here Roy bade good-bye to Joe, McGowen and the conductor and got off, the train going thundering toward the west a few moments later, leaving him standing there on the platform, a stranger in a strange land, so to speak.

"Hotel, sir?" said a voice beside him, and Roy saw the runner of a hotel standing beside him.

"Cab, there, to the hotel, sir," said the man. "Shall I take your grip, sir?"

"Yes," and Roy handed the suitcase to the man, and was soon in the cab and rattling away to the hotel.

He registered and was assigned to a room. He went to his room and made his toilet, and then came down and ate his supper, and then he went out to take a walk, to see the town.

He walked onward till he was out of the main part of the town, and was walking through the outskirts, where there was only an occasional house.

Suddenly Roy heard a shrill scream, in a girlish voice, followed by cry of, "Don't! Oh, don't strike me any more! Please, please don't!"

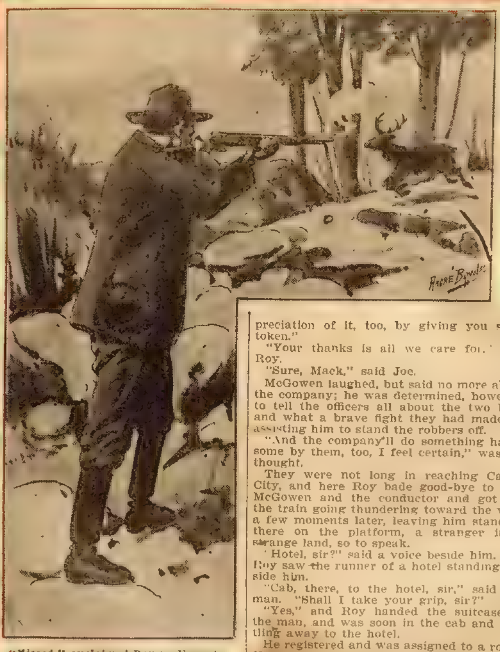
Then came a voice hoarse with rage, but evidently the voice of a woman.

"Strike ye, is it? I'll beat the life out uv ye, ye lazy hussy! Ye don't airn yer salt! Ye're a good-fur-nothin', no-'count, lazy-bones, an' I want ye to git outer my house an' never set foot in et erg'in, d'ye heer!"

This was followed by a distinct series of thuds, and another scream in the girlish voice.

The voices proceeded from a little cottage, or cabin, more properly speaking, standing about fifty yards from the path Roy had been traversing. A light shone through the window, showing a path leading up to the front of the cabin.

Roy did not hesitate. He realized that a girl was being beaten by a woman, and there was something in the note of anguish in the girl's voice that appealed to [illegible] and he ran toward the cabin as fast a[illegible] could go.



"Missed," exclaimed Roy in disgust.

Just as he reached the cabin, the [illegible] was opened, and a great, virago of a [illegible]an, red-faced and with tousled hair, [illegible] there. She was clutching the arm [illegible] girl of perhaps seventeen years, with [illegible] hand, while in the other was a [illegible] stick—evidently the one she had been [illegible]ing the girl with.

Even though there were [illegible] girl's eyes and her face was [illegible]torted with pain, Roy could [illegible] was pretty, and rather delicate [illegible] was no more like the coarse [illegible] had hold of her than a gazelle i[illegible]oceros.

The woman caught sight of [illegible] stood directly in the light that [illegible] through the open dooor, and only [illegible] feet from the door, and she stared at [illegible] wonderingly.

"Who are ye, an' whut air ye doin' he[illegible]" she cried, belligerently.

The girl gave a little gasp, indi[illegible] pleasure and relief, but she said noth[illegible] simply looked at Roy, and there was [illegible] pleading expression in her eyes.

"My name is Roy Wells, ma'am," re[illegible] Roy, quietly. "And I'm a stranger in [illegible] town. I just got in, on the train, this e[illegible]ing, and was out taking an after-su[illegible] walk, when I heard screams and loud vo[illegible] and thought I would investigate."

"Humph! Wal, ye hed better be gittin' [illegible] way frum heer, young man. Thar h[illegible] nothin' thet needs investergatin', th[illegible] know uv, aroun' heer. This gal wuz [illegible]ter me an' I wuz givin' her a whalin', [illegible] which I hev er right ter do, seein' ez [illegible] she's be'n livin' offen me fur yeers, an'—"

"I've more than earned my living," b[illegible] in the girl. "I've worked hard, sir, and—"

"Shet yer head!" cried the virago, gi[illegible] the girl a shake. "Don' ye go fur ter [illegible] putin' my word, er I'll lam ye till ye k[illegible] stan' up!" and she flourished the [illegible] menacingly.

Roy was very angry now. He thought [illegible] his sister Katie having to be in such a [illegible]sition, and his blood fairly boiled.

"Don't you dare strike her again!" [illegible] cried. "You ought to be given a taste [illegible] yourself! Aren't you ashamed to bea[illegible] girl with such a club as that?"

"No I'm not!" hissed the woman; [illegible] whut's more, I'll beat ye with et, ye [illegible] young skoundrel!" and she let go of [illegible] girl's arm and advanced a step, and [illegible] the stick up in a threatening manner, w[illegible] she glared at Roy, fiercely.

But the youth was not to be so e[illegible] frightened. He had seen scores of just [illegible] women as this one, over on the East [illegible] in New York City; the type was famil[illegible] and he was not at all alarmed. W[illegible] [illegible] was to find su[illegible] a wom[illegible] in this little town in Colorado. He w[illegible] have been willing to wager that his wo[illegible] had at one time resided on New Y[illegible] East Side.

"That will do," said Roy, quietly, [illegible] firmly. "Don't try to scare me, ma'am, [illegible] you can't do it. I've seen hundreds [illegible] you, on the East Side, in New Y[illegible] and——"

He paused, struck by the sudden te[illegible] that came over the woman's face. [illegible] dropped the club, and her under jaw [illegible] and her eyes seemed about to pop [illegible] her head, as she glared at the youth.

"W-what d-did ye s-say?" she stamme[illegible] "W-who says I'm f-frum ther East [illegible] hey? Who s-says t-that I wuz ever [illegible] New York, tell me thet, young man?"

"I say it," quietly. "You have live[illegible] New York, and on the East Side. I k[illegible] it the moment I laid eyes on you." [illegible] was bluff, but the woman had alre[illegible] practically told him that she was from N[illegible] York, and that there was something ab[illegible] it that caused her alarm, and so he did [illegible] feel that he was taking a long shot by [illegible] means.

"W-who air ye, ennyway?" the wo[illegible] stammered.

"I told you. My name is Roy Wells. [illegible] I'm from New York."

"W-whut air ye d-doin' out heer?"

"Nothing in particular, just now, [illegible] to champion a girl in distress. Now, [illegible] are you? And who is this girl?"

The woman turned pale, and glared [illegible] Roy with a look of fear in her eyes.

"Me?—I'm Mag Mullen, an' this ga[illegible] May Mullen, an'——"

"Don't tell me that," interrupted R[illegible] "She's no kin to you whatever. Anyone [illegible] see that with half an eye. What is [illegible] real name?"

"Thet's all ther name she hez, so fa[illegible] know."

"She's no kin to you," reiterated R[illegible] "Where did you get her and how long h[illegible] you had her with you?"

"She was on my doorstep one morn[illegible] fifteen yeers ergo; she wus er teenty ga[illegible] two years at ther time. Max—thet wuz [illegible] husban'—wuz erlive at ther time, an[illegible] sez, sez he, 'We'll 'dopt 'er, Mag', an' [illegible] done et, an' I've raised 'er, Max hevin' [illegible] dead fur ten years."

"Where were you living at the time [illegible] was placed on your doorstep?" queried R[illegible]

The woman hesitated, and then said:

"In St. Louis."

"I don't believe you," said Roy.

"Ye don'?"

"No; you were living in New York at t[illegible] time, and——"

"Git erlong erway frum heer!" screa[illegible] the woman, shaking her fists at Roy. [illegible] erway, an' take thet hussy with ye! [illegible] kin hev 'er! I don' want 'er no longer, [illegible] she don' bring me in no munny, an' [illegible] don' pay fur 'er keep! Take 'er erw[illegible] Git out, both uv ye!"

Roy looked at the girl, and she ga[illegible] back at Roy. There was an eager, besee[illegible]ing look in the beautiful violet eyes of [illegible] girl, and somehow, Roy was greatly ta[illegible] with her. He wanted to help her, to [illegible] something for her. But, what could he [illegible] Here he was, two thousand miles f[illegible] home, without friends, himself, and [illegible] very little money in his pocket. What c[illegible] he do?

He wished that he might get her to [illegible] to for he was sure that his mother and st would be glad to give the girl a home; ow could he get here there? He could the That was out of the question. Then, a would he do?

was debating this question, swiftly, the woman broke in again:

dn' ye heer? I tol' ye ter take ther gal ho! Ye've come heer, a-pokin' yer nose but ye hain't got no bizness, an' now ye hev done thet, ye kin take ther con- the gal hez got ter go, an' ye erlong with ye, d'ye heer!"

t to go, Miss?" asked Roy.

ter go, I tell ye!" hissed the e's er good-fur-nothin', an'

" cried Roy, sharply. "What Miss?"

had started to speak, but the drowned out her voice, and now d:

sir, I want to go away from here. want to stay, for she beats me, and with great cruelty, all the time."

r things, then, Miss, and come with me."

was, git yer duds an' git out, May Mul- cried the woman, who seemed glad to that the girl was to go.

ry well; I won't be long," said the nd she went into a back-room, only to a few minutes later, carrying a bundle.

take it," said Roy, and he took the from her hands.

girl stepped out and took her place the Roy, the light of confidence in him in her eyes.

went the door, shut behind them, ey were left together in the darkness, oman drawing down the blind and out the light from the window.

my arm, Miss," said Roy.

girl did so, at the same time saying: ase call me May, won't you, Mr.——"

ou call me Roy."

y well—Roy."

thought the girl's voice the sweetest he had ever heard. It thrilled him h and through.

felt his responsibility. Here was a depending on him, with confidence; and ought of his sister Katie, and decided e would stand by May to the last and her as he would want any one to do atie, if she were situated as this girl

of you want to try to get work here in City?" asked Roy, as they walked along.

Roy," was the reply. "If I could et to Cripple Creek, I would be all for the only friends I have in the other than you, live there. Their Gates, and they used to live here in City. Harriet Gates is about my age, e were great friends. They would e a home till I could get work."

d!" exclaimed Roy. "That solves the n nicely. I am going to Cripple Creek ow, and will take you with me, to the of the Gates'. That will be fine,

CHAPTER IV.
IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

" said May, hesitatingly, "I don't where I am to spend the night. I friend here in Canon City now."

ll stay at the hotel tonight, May. he proprietor and explain matters and his wife will take care of you orrow, I feel sure."

n't know how I shall ever repay you at you have done and are doing for ," said May earnestly.

that's all right, May. I have a sis- t about your age, and I am doing would want any fellow to do for she were in your place and some one mine."

have a sister? How I wish that I now her!"

may some time, May."

t is her name?"

e."

-she lives in New York?"

know. I heard you talking to Meg ew York, and I guessed that you om that city," explained the girl.

I have just come from there. I ne out here to make my fortune."

hope that you may succeed, Roy!"

ll do my best, May."

of people get rich in this country but a great many more do not make an a living."

suppose."

Mr. Gates is engaged in mining up ple Creek. That's the reason they here. I guess he is doing very

haps I may get work with him."

wish that you might! I'll do all get him to give you work!"

k you, May."

vere at the hotel now and they en- nd it happened that there was no he office save the proprietor, who omewhat surprised. Roy gave May nd then went to the proprietor and l matters to him, and asked if his uld take care of the girl till morn-

Of course she will!" said the who seemed to be a good-hearted ome with me, miss, and I'll turn t to my wife."

you, sir," said Roy gratefully.

and followed the landlord, but e Roy a smile and said "good- a sweet voice that thrilled the

ight, May," he replied.

dlord was back in a few minutes, that his wife was glad to take the girl.

oy told him the whole story, and rd listened with interest, nodding occasionally.

Meg Mullen," he said. "And I've girl several times. I don't have for Meg, but the girl seems to be ile woman."

s some mystery about her being Meg Mullen, I am sure," said Roy. think so?"

"Yes; I am more than half inclined to believe that somebody paid the woman to keep the girl."

The man shook his head.

"Possibly," he said. "Still she may have told the truth about the child having been found on their doorstep."

"It is possible, of course," agreed Roy; "but somehow I don't believe it."

"She's a pretty girl," with a somewhat quizzical glance at Roy.

The youth flushed slightly.

"Yes, so she is," he agreed, "too pretty and too delicate to live witn such a woman as this Meg Mullen."

"Yes, they are not the same kind, by any means."

Roy went to bed presently and was up bright and early and ate breakfast in the dining room with about a dozen patrons of the hotel.

Then he asked to see May, and was shown into the private rooms of the landlord and his wife.

May was looking bright and pretty, and gave Roy a cordial greeting.

The landlady was a neat, good looking, good hearted woman, and she seemed to be favorably impressed with Roy.

"I have been trying to prevail on May to stay with me, as we could give her a good home here," she said, "but she seems to think that she would rather go to Cripple Creek and join her friends there."

"I would rather not stay here in the same town with Meg Mullen," said May. "I shall feel better in anotner town."

"I should think so," agreed Roy. "Well, the train goes at nine. I suppose you will be ready?"

"Oh, yes; I'm ready now," with a smile. "I haven't any trunk to pack, you know."

Roy laughed.

"Neither have I," he said. "I am traveling light, too."

At a quarter to nine Roy and May shook hands with the landlord and his wife and walked to the station, and Roy bought two tickets to Cripple Creek.

When the train came in, they boarded it and found seats, and a few moments later they were moving slowly out of Canon City.

It was only about thirty miles to Cripple Creek, but the roadbed was not very good and the track turned and twisted to such an extent that the train could not make very good speed, and it took at least two hours to accomplish the journey.

It was ended at last, however, and Roy and May alighted at the station in Cripple Creek, the mining metropolis of that part of the country.

There was much bustle and confusion, and the one long, crooked street was thronged with people of almost all nationalities, for the mining town was just then at the height of its boom.

Saloons, dance houses and rude stores were everywhere, and there was much loud talk and boisterousness on the part of many of the men, doubtless caused by a too great indulgence in liquor.

May was somewhat alarmed, and kept as close to Roy as possible. He saw this, and reassured her.

"They are rough looking and they talk loudly and laugh boisterously," he said, "but the majority of them are good-hearted, and you need have no fears, May."

The girl was reassured somewhat, but it was evident that she would be glad when they were off the main street. She did not know where the Gates home was, of course, and so Roy suggested that they step into a grocery store and make inquiries.

This was done, and the storekeeper directed them how to go. The Gates were customers of his, and he knew where they lived.

They thanked the man, and went out

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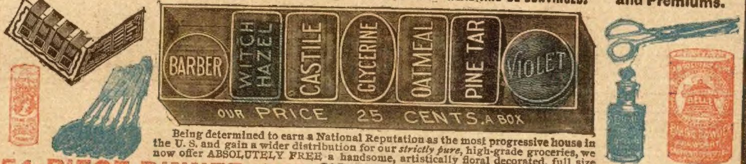

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and made their way in the direction indicated.

The Gates home was far up the gulch, beyond the end of the business part of the street, but the two reached there in about twenty minutes, and Roy knocked and then stepped aside.

The door was opened by a very pretty girl of about seventeen years, who, the instant her eyes fell on Roy's companion, threw up her hands in wonder and amazement, and cried delightedly:

"Well, May! you dear, dear girl, where in the world did you come from!"

CHAPTER V.

IN A MINING CAMP.

"From Canon City, Harriet," was the reply. And then the two were in each other's arms, kissing and hugging.

"This is Mr. Roy Wells, Harriet," then said May, "Roy, this is Miss Harriet Gates."

Roy lifted his hat and bowed.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Gates," he said politely.

"And I am pleased to know any friend of May's," was the reply.

Then she invited them to enter and they did so.

They had been in the sitting room only a few minutes, when a good looking woman of middle age entered, and after she had kissed May and welcomed her, she was introduced to Roy as Mrs. Gates, Harriet's mother.

"How happens it that you are up here, May?" she inquired. "How did you manage to get away from Mrs. Mullen?"

"I have left her for good and all, Mrs. Gates," was the reply.

"Have you, indeed?"

"Oh, I am so glad!" murmured Harriet.

"She has been beating me cruelly for a few months past," said May; "and I made up my mind that I would not stay." Then she told of the circumstances that led to her coming to Cripple Creek in company with Roy.

"I'm glad that you have come here, May," said Mrs. Gates. "You shall make this your home as long as you like."

"Yes, yes!" from Harriet. "We'll be sisters."

"That will please me," smiled May, "but I'm afraid that I shall be imposing on your good nature."

"Not at all!"

"Oh, no!"

They talked on a few minutes, and then May said:

"Mr. Gates is running a mine here, isn't he?"

"Not here," said Mrs. Gates.

"His mine is up in the mountains about eight miles at a little camp called Richton."

"I thought his mine was here in Cripple Creek."

"No."

"Well, that doesn't matter particularly; what I was getting at is this: I wanted to ask if you thought Mr. Gates would have work for Roy to do?"

"Why, yes, likely he will," said Mrs. Gates. "He is using quite a number of men all the time."

"But I am not an experienced miner," said Roy. "In fact, I have never been inside a mine."

"Oh, well, you could soon learn what is required," said Mrs. Gates.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Roy says he has come out here from New York to make his fortune," said May.

"Then I wouldn't advise you to go to work in a mine," said Harriet. "You will never make a fortune that way. Of course, you could get good wages, but the expense of living is considerable, and you will never be much better off than you would have been back in New York."

"That is just about what I thought," said Roy. "The way to make a fortune is to make a 'strike,' isn't it?"

"Yes," nodded Harriet; "and you can only make a strike by prospecting. That's the way Mr. Stratton, who discovered the rich ore here at Cripple Creek did, and that's the way father did up at Richton."

"And it's the way I'm going to do," declared Roy.

"Oh, hope that you may strike it rich, Roy!" said May.

"I hope so," with a smile.

"Of course, you might work in father's mine a while," said Harriet; "you would thus learn something about ores and about mining, and that would no doubt help you when prospecting."

"I'll go up to Richton tomorrow," said Roy. "And then I'll decide what to do."

He was invited to stay at the Gates home till tomorrow, and he accepted with thanks.

That evening Mr. Gates appeared at his home unexpectedly and was given a joyous welcome by his wife and daughter. He was surprised to find May there, but welcomed her heartily. He seemed to be favorably impressed by Roy, too, and told the youth that he might return with him on the morrow to Richton.

"And if you want to try your hand at mining you can do so," he said. "But you will never get rich that way. I would advise you to go prospecting right away. You are not accustomed to hard muscular labor, anyway, and it would be very hard on you and might ruin your health. Better leave the mining out."

"But I have but very little money, Mr. Gates," said Roy. "I will have to work for awhile at least, I guess. And when I get a stake I can go to prospecting."

"Get a Winchester and some ammunition and hunt game as well as gold," advised Mr. Gates. "There is plenty of game in the mountains, and you can make a living furnishing the miners with fresh meat, and at the same time you will have a chance to make a strike."

"That would suit me," said Roy, "but I am a green hand at hunting, and I'm afraid that I would never be able to make a living that way."

"Oh, you'll soon learn. You can kill a deer once in a while, I am certain."

"Perhaps so. Well, I'll take your advice, anyway, and will buy a rifle and some ammunition in the morning."

"We'll go down town after supper and buy what you will need," said Mr. Gates. "I will want to start early in the morning."

After supper was over they made their way downtown and went into a hardware store and bought a Winchester rifle and a lot of cartridges.

Then they went back to the house and spent the evening there. Roy enjoyed himself, for he had taken a great liking to May, and was happy in her company.

After he had been shown to his room Roy wrote a letter to his mother, explaining where he was, where he was going and what he expected to do. He wound up with the statement:

"I'm going to stick to it here till I make a 'strike.' Others have made strikes and gotten rich, and I don't see why I shouldn't do the same. I am well, and I believe it is going to agree with me out here so don't worry about me."

They were at breakfast next morning before sunrise and an hour later Mr. Gates and Roy were ready to be off on their trip up the mountains to Richton.

Mr. Gates had come down to his home to get some stores that were there, and these had been packed on the backs of a couple of burros.

When all was ready they set out, after bidding good-bye to Mrs. Gates and Harriet and May.

"Good-bye, Roy, and good luck to you," called out May, waving her hand and giving Roy a bright smile.

"Good-bye, May, and thank you," replied Roy.

Mr. Gates led one burro and Roy led the other. It was slow work, but the way was rough, and one could not have made very great speed, even without the burros.

Up and still up toiled the two, the burros close at their heels.

It was nearly noon when they reached Richton, which proved to be a very small mining camp, consisting of perhaps a dozen rude shanties, located on a little plateau, not far from a huge cliff, in the face of which was Mr. Gates' mine. The men who lived in the shanties worked in this mine.

There was one store, two saloons and a gambling house.

Mr. Gates occupied the smallest cabin in the camp, alone, but he told Roy that he might stay there also.

"I shall be glad of your company," he said.

"But I shall not be here much of th[illegible] time," said Roy.

"I suppose not, but when you are he[illegible] you must consider that my cabin is yo[illegible] home."

"Very well, Mr. Gates, and thank you!"

"Whut ye goin' ter do with th[illegible] Bill?" asked an old miner of Mr. [illegible] indicating Roy, and grinning.

"He's going to hunt and prospec[illegible]" was the reply. "He isn't strong en[illegible] work in the mine. He's a friend of [illegible] from the East."

"So ye're frum ther East, hey?" [illegible] miner called "Jim" asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Roy.

"Whut place, kid?"

"New York."

"Ye don't say!"

"Yes."

"Big place, New York, eh?"

"Yes, it's a little bit bigger than th[illegible] place," with a smile.

"So I s'pose, kid—so I s'pose," with [illegible] chuckle. "Yas, I guess et is, but when [illegible] git right down ter cases, I reckon th[illegible] foot fur foot an' yard fur yard, ther gro[illegible] aroun' in these heer parts is worth ez m[illegible] ez tner groun' in New York."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"We hain't got no sky-scraper build[illegible] like ye hev in New York, but we've [illegible] ther mount'in peaks whut air higher."

"True, sir."

"An' we've got elervators, too—some th[illegible] beat them whut air in ther sky-scra[illegible] buildin's in New York."

Do You Like Honest, Square Dealing?

Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines are put out under the belief that publicity is the best possible guaranty of merit, and that the most intelligent people generally want to know what they take into their stomachs, whether it be as food, drink or medicine. Although it was a bold step to take, and quite out of the usual practice of makers of proprietary medicines, yet Dr. Pierce, some time ago, decided to publish broadcast and on all his bottle-wrappers all the ingredients entering into the composition, or make-up, of his celebrated family medicines. A square deal is therefore assured every one using his medicines, for one knows exactly what he or she is paying for when purchasing them, since every ingredient is published *in plain English* on the bottle-wrappers *and the correctness of the same attested under solemn oath.* These several ingredients are selected from among the very best known to medical science for the cure of the various diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

The most eminent and leading medical teachers and writers of all the several schools of practice have endorsed each of the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines in the strongest possible terms. The makers of Dr. Pierce's medicines believe that intelligent people do not wish to open their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulp down whatever is presented to them, either in the way of food, drink or medicine, without knowing something of the properties and harmless character of the agents employed. They believe that health is too sacred a heritage to be experimented with, and that *people should not take medicines of the composition of which they are kept in ignorance.* Dr. Pierce's medicines are made wholly from the roots of plants found growing in the depths of our American forests. They are so compounded that *they cannot do harm in any case, even to the most delicate woman or child.* By open publicity Dr. Pierce has taken his medicines out of the list of secret nostrums, of doubtful merit, and made them REMEDIES OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. They are therefore, in a class all by themselves, being absolutely and in every sense *non-secret.*

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

There is a *badge of honesty* on every bottle of Dr. Pierce's medicines in the full list of its ingredients duly attested as correct under solemn oath.

No other medicines put up for general use through druggists can make claim to any such distinction, and none other than Dr. Pierce's medicines have any such *professional* endorsement of their ingredients. Such *professional* endorsement should have far more weight with the afflicted than any amount of lay, or non-professional, endorsement, or testimonials.

Of course, the exact proportion of each ingredient used in Dr. Pierce's medicines as well as the working formula or manner of preparing the same, and the specially devised apparatus and appliances employed in their manufacture, are withheld from publicity that Dr. Pierce's proprietary rights may be fully protected from such unprincipled imitators as might be piratically inclined.

The preparation of these medicines without the use of a drop of alcohol, so generally employed and yet so harmful in the long run, to most invalids when its use is long continued, even in small doses, cost Dr. Pierce several years of careful study and labor, with the aid of skilled pharmacists and chemists to assist him. Naturally, he does not care to give away his scientific and exact processes for preparing these medicines, but he does want to deal in the most open manner with all his patrons and patients, and under this frank, open and honest way of dealing, they may know exactly what they are taking when using his medicines.

What Do They Cure? This question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's two leading medicines, "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription."

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator and acts especially favorably in a curative and healing way upon all the mucous lining surfaces as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, curing a large per cent. of catarrhal cases whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous diarrhea), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections, it is often successful in effecting cures.

The "Favorite Prescription" is advised for the cure of one class of diseases only—those peculiar weaknesses, derangements and irregularities incident to women. It is a powerful yet gently acting invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine. For weak, worn-out, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

"Is that so? Where are they?" remarked Roy, looking puzzled.

"Thar," pointing with the stem of his old cob pipe to some packages that had been taken off the backs of the burros. "Them's sticks uv dynamite, son, an' ef ye wuz ter be a-settin on one uv them piles an' et wuz ter go off suddint-like ye'd be elervated higher an' quicker nur whut ye would ef ye wuz in one uv them elervators in New York."

Roy laughed.

"I judge that you are right, sir," he agreed.

"Ye'll take my word fur et, will ye?"

"Yes. I don't care to try the experiment to see if you have told the truth."

"I s'pose not—ha, ha, ha! Wal, son, I [illegible] ye'll like et out heer an' make er big [illegible] so's ye kin go back ter New York [illegible] two er three uv them sky-scrapers."

"[illegible] you, sir; I hope so, too."

[illegible] capital story of boyhood luck and [illegible] will be continued in the Ledger [illegible] of next week. It will be to your plea[illegible] and profit to follow its characters to the [illegible] ~~and~~ remarkable close. Would you [illegible] our fine President Portraits without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Arts of the Bombmaker.

So expert are bombmakers nowadays that an apparently harmless letter may kill any person who tries to open it. A piece of cardboard is cut to a size which, when folded over, will fit into an ordinary envelope. The four corners of this are slit into narrow strips. Fulminate of mercury is spread over three of the slits and the sheet is folded and fastened together. Projecting from each side of the folded sheet is a little metal strip, or detonator glued to the cardboard in such a manner that the envelope cannot be opened without striking one of them. Upon meeting this slight resistance the hand moving the paper cutter instinctively pushes harder, and the result is an explosion that either kills or maims.

The easiest bomb to construct is set in operation by simply turning it upside down. It is usually a good-sized cracker box, lined with paper and half-filled with a mixture of chlorate of potassium and ordinary sugar. Into this a bottle of a powerful acid is introduced. The remainder of the space in the box is filled with scraps of metal. Then the lid is soldered on.

All that is then necessary is to place the box upside down at the spot in which it is to explode. The acid eats quickly through the cork of the bottle, and comes in contact with the chlorate of potassium. As a result of the chemical combination which takes place there is a terrific explosion.

She Wanted to Know.

"George, dear, what sort of a band wagon is it that the papers mention so often? Has it anything to do with the water wagon that you said Charlie Giddiboy was on?"

"Well, no, my love, they are too far apart to be connected. After the band wagon passes by the water wagon comes along and picks up the stragglers."

Not on Ez Street.

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But from A M to late P M
His office is M T

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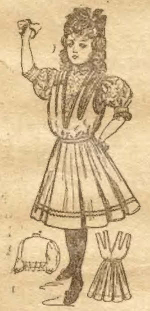
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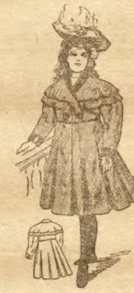
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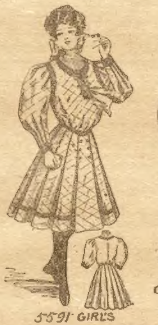
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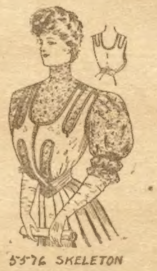
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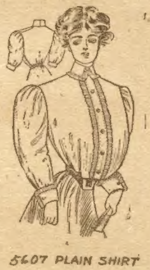
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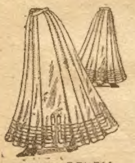
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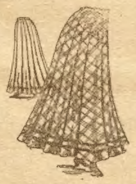
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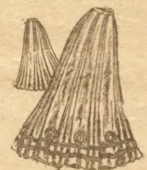
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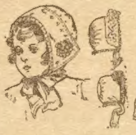
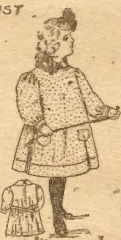

5574 CHILD'S ONE & TWO PIECE CAPS WITH REVERS 6 MOS. 1 AND 2 YEARS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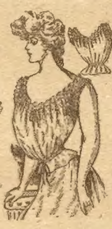
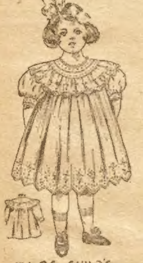

5498 CORSET COVER 32 TO 42 BUST.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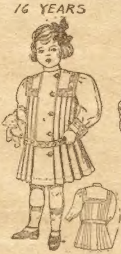
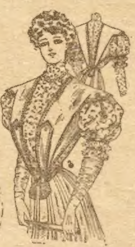

5608 CHILD'S DRESS 2, 4 AND 6 YEARS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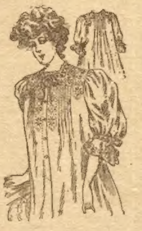
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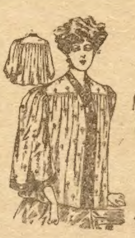
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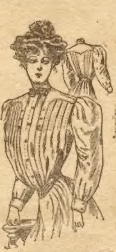
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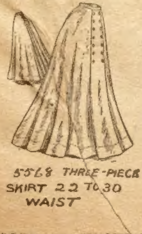
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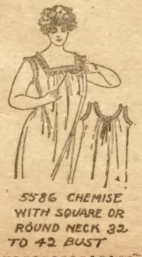
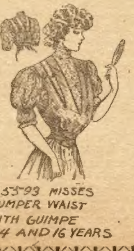
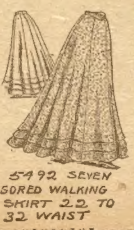
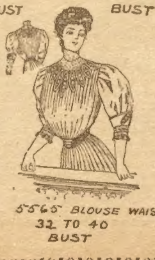

5586 CHEMISE WITH SQUARE OR ROUND NECK 32 TO 42 BUST


5593 MISSES JUMPER WAIST WITH GUIMPE 14 AND 16 YEARS


5492 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST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  This is the ferry for Shadowtown,
It sails away at the end of the day,
  Just as the darkness closes round.

Rest, little hand, on my shoulder—so;
  A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
  Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
  Glitter the lights of Shadowland,
The raining drops on the window—hark
  Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
  A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
  Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
  Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger; say "Good-night,"
  We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Fishing For Birds.

Fred Archer was not a cruel boy, but like many others he was apt to regard birds and animals as legitimate prey, and rarely paused to consider the amount of suffering his amusement might mean to them.

His father was skipper and half owner of one of those quaint fishing boats that pass most of their time off the banks and along the shoals of the New England and Newfoundland coasts, only going into port at rare intervals to discharge cargo and refit with supplies for another voyage.

Fred was only 10, but he was strong and daring for his age, and nothing pleased him better than to accompany his father on these trips. Sometimes they saw huge icebergs in the distance; and often their vessel, the Flying Scud, bounded merrily through great schools of porpoises, causing the strange looking creatures to paddle hurriedly to the right and left.

Fred liked to lean over the stern of the vessel and watch them, and to gaze deep down into the water at the schools of cod or mackerel or menhaden which they occasionally entered. But, better than all, he liked to climb high up into the rigging and gaze out across the ocean at passing vessels and lighthouses and distant points of land, and to watch the seagulls and other birds which were nearly always flying about or following the vessel.

A favorite amusement was to bait a hook and let it fly from the shrouds at the end of a long line. When one of the hungry birds was caught he would let it struggle a while, and then release and bait the hook for another. Generally the bird would not be so hurt but that it could fly away, but sometimes one of them would only go a short distance and then would fall heavily into the sea to be devoured by hungry fish.

One day Fred was clinging to the shrouds, engaged in his favorite amusement. He had fastened the line to a stay and the hook was hanging below him, swayed to and fro by the wind; and around it was circling and darting the hungry birds that were attracted by the piece of pork with which it was baited.

Suddenly a bird swept toward the pork, struggled frantically with the hook for a moment, and then tore itself away, dropping the pork into the sea as it flew. But evidently it had suffered in the encounter, for presently it began to sag toward the water, then rose desperately, only to sag again. Fred watched it with increasing interest, and perhaps with a feeling of regret in his heart.

Then he saw two other birds leave the circling flock and fly swiftly to their wounded companion, one on each side, and after a moment of apparent earnest consultation, all three rose slowly into the air and moved away to a faintly visible point of land. Fred watched them until they were out of sight, wondering if the two birds were merely encouraging their friend, or if they were really buoying him up with their own wings.

A sudden rush below caused him to look down. Encouraged by his preoccupation several of the birds were closing in toward the pork. With a warning shout he descended the shrouds, swinging one of his arms as he did so to drive off the birds. Then he caught the line and wound it about the hook and placed both of them in his pocket. And from that time on there were no more ambushed hooks allowed to hang from the shrouds to entice hungry birds.

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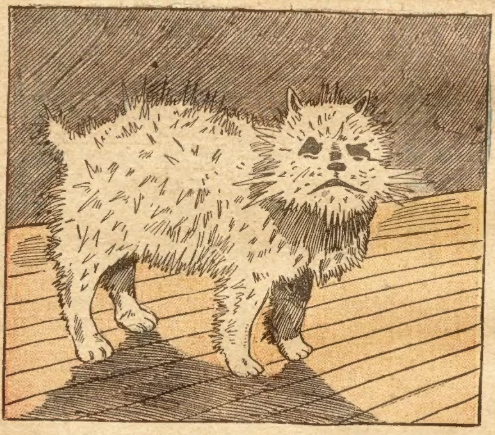


"Why, Ella, what's happened to poor Ami?"
"O, I told the washerwoman yesterday to wash him, and the simpleton starched him!"

Conviction.

I'm awful fraid of little dogs,
  Those with a turn up nose.
They make a noise, and snap and bark,
  And bite right through your clothes.

I don't like cats so very much;
  They're not a grateful race.
Once when I smoothed one kitty's tail
  She flew and scratched my face.

I love my big Newfoundland, though,
  With eyes so kind and brown.
I tell you he's the only dog
  To have—in case you drown.

Some say a doggie has no soul;
  They say it to be smart.
Why just the way he kisses me
  Shows Fido's soul and heart.

Riddles.

What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Lansing Michigan.

Why is a bad epigram like a useless pencil? Because it has no point.

What bridge is warranted to support any strain? The bridge of a fiddle.

Who are the men who have made their mark? Those who can't write.

Why is a railroad exceedingly patriotic? It is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient ground for remaining.

What melancholy fact is there about a calendar? There is no time when its days are not numbered.

Why is a specimen of extra fine hand writing like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Why should a person not like to gaze on the Niagara forever? Because he would always have a cataract in the eye.

A "Presumed" Cloak.

A little girl who was in the habit of using the word "guess" was reproved by her teacher. "You must not say 'guess,' Grace; you must say 'presume.'"

On her way home from school a little friend met her and said: "My mother wants to ask your mother for the pattern of your cloak."

"My mother hasn't any pattern," answered Grace; "she cut it by 'presume.'"

Infantile Curiosity.

A 3-year-old miss seated on Auntie's lap listening intently to her watch ticking, remarked: "My mamma has one, too." To the question, "Does mamma's watch run?" her prompt reply was: "Yes. Does yours walk?"

The Waistcoat Trick.

Can you remove a man's waistcoat without first causing him to remove his coat?

This is the way to do it. Ask him in the first place to wear some easy-fitting coat of some sort, say a loose overcoat.

Now unbutton his waistcoast, unfasten the buckle at the back, and ask him to hold his arms above his head. Slip your hand down the back of the coat, grasp the bottom of the waistcoat and pull it up right over the head of the wearer.

Next take the right-side bottom end of the front of the waistcoat and put it into the armhole of the coat at the shoulder, at the same time putting the hand up the sleeve and drawing down the end.

This will release one armhole. Next, draw the waistcoat up again, put the same end into the left armhole, put the hand up the left sleeve and draw the whole of the waistcoat down.

A Problem Solved.

It was by a class in arithmetic that the following household problem was exactly solved:

"Suppose that in a family of five there were only four potatoes for dinner, and the mother wants to give each of the children an equal share—how is she going to do it?"

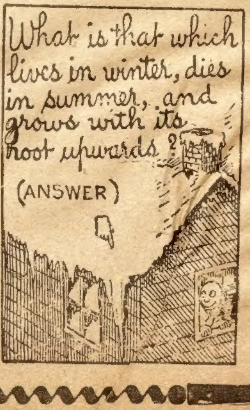
For a few minutes there was silence in the room, while everybody calculated hard. Finally one of the little boys rose to his feet, and, after attracting the attention of the schoolmaster, gave his unexpected answer:

"She'd mash 'em, sir."

A Two-Headed Baby.

One day Mr. Doubleday had his twin babies down town, tucked in their double-ended carriage, facing each other, with only their little round heads showing out of the blankets. A boy caught sight of the babies, and he cried in astonishment: "Oh, mamma, look quick! There is a baby with a head on both ends!"

Today's Riddle


What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upwards?
(ANSWER)

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